



# COLLIER'S



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## WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE



PHOTOGRAPH BY BEUTE AND PULLI.

HARBOR TUGS FIGHTING THE FIRE ON THE LINER "BREMEN" AT WEEHAWKEN

### THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD DISASTER AT HOBOKEN, JUNE 30

(SEE PAGE 5)

## COLLIER'S

AN ILLUSTRATED  
JOURNAL OF ARTLITERATURE AND  
CURRENT EVENTS

## WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, JULY FOURTEENTH, 1900

## OUR CORRESPONDENTS IN CHINA

WE INVITE the attention of our readers to the forthcoming  
articles and illustrations from the seat of war in China. They  
will be furnished by Frederick Palmer, who has represented  
COLLIER'S WEEKLY during the campaigns in the Philippines,  
and who is now in China, and by our special photographer,  
J. C. Hemment, who is on his way to the scene of trouble.  
Both correspondents will proceed with their arduous work  
regardless of risk or of the heavy expenses necessarily in-  
volved. Mr. Palmer, as the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY  
already know, is one of the most brilliant of living war cor-  
respondents. His work throughout the Philippine insurrection  
has been on the same high plane of literary merit and truth as  
were his books on the Greco-Turkish War and Klondike ex-  
plorations. Mr. Hemment won renown as a photographer  
during the Spanish-American War by his excellent photo-  
graphs taken at the fighting front and, in particular, by his  
famous pictures of the naval battle off Santiago. He served  
as a special photographer in the West Indies from the time of  
the blowing up of the *Maine* until the evacuation of Cuba.

WE HAVE previously pointed out that, in view of  
Republican gains in recent local elections, Mr.  
Bryan can hardly expect to retain all the electoral  
votes from the Pacific slope which he secured four years ago.  
He will be fortunate, too, if he retains Kansas and Nebraska.  
On the other hand, he is tolerably certain to carry Kentucky,  
all the electoral votes of which State, except one, he lost in  
1896. Whether he can recover from the Republicans the  
States of Maryland and Delaware depends entirely on the  
extent to which the so-called Gold Democrats can be per-  
suaded to rejoin their party. The same factor will determine  
the outcome of the contest in New York. It is, as yet, too  
early to foretell what position will be taken by the great  
majority of the Gold Democrats. If they are convinced that  
the maintenance of the gold standard and the payment of the  
principal and interest of all national bonds in gold is assured  
for five years to come, owing to the preponderance of the  
Republicans in the Federal Senate, it may be that their dis-  
like of Imperialism and Militarism may cause them to vote for  
Mr. Bryan. It is already certain, however, that some of their  
leaders, Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, for instance, cannot be per-  
suaded to support Mr. Bryan under any circumstances. The  
number of recalcitrant Gold Democrats will be signally in-  
creased, should the belief gain ground that Mr. Bryan, if  
elected, could and would deal a serious blow to the national  
credit by a mere administrative act, for which no new legis-  
lative warrant would be needed. That Mr. Bryan would have  
the power to deal such a blow through the bare fiat of his  
Secretary of the Treasury seems to be indisputable. With

the exception of the Spanish war loan and the new refunding  
loan, authorized by the act of March 11, 1900, the principal  
and interest of all our outstanding national bonds are in terms  
made payable not in gold but in "coin." There is no doubt  
that, when the bonds were issued, it was supposed by the pur-  
chasers that the word "coin" meant gold, and not only Repub-  
licans, but all Gold Democrats, hold that we are morally bound  
to fulfill the resultant expectation. Nevertheless, Mr. Bryan  
would have the technical right to instruct his Secretary of the  
Treasury to pay both principal and interest of the bonds above  
speedily in silver dollars. It is probable that, during the ap-  
proaching campaign, he will be subjected to a categorical inquiry  
touching his intentions on the point. If he disavows any pur-  
pose of paying the principal and interest of any bonds in silver  
dollars, until such an act is explicitly authorized by new legis-  
lation, he will lose the votes of his Populist admirers who as-  
sert that the Government has not only a technical but an  
equitable right to avail itself of the alternative offered by the  
use of the word "coin." If, on the other hand, Mr. Bryan  
acknowledges the intention of liquidating with silver dollars  
all obligations, the payment of which is not restricted to gold  
by the terms of the law creating them, he will unquestionably  
drive all Gold Democrats into the Republican ranks. If he  
should try to preserve silence on the subject, his reticence  
would expose him to suspicion in all quarters. This is a test  
to which he will be inevitably exposed, and, as he is a man of  
frankness and courage, we take for granted that he will avow  
his opinion that all bonds should be paid in silver coin, unless  
such payment is expressly prohibited.

IT IS PROBABLE that the Dominion of Canada will also  
witness a new general election during the present year.  
There, too, the adherents of the party in power can  
point to the prevalence of unexampled prosperity as an argu-  
ment against political change. There is no doubt that Cana-  
dian trade has undergone extraordinary expansion since Sir  
Wilfrid Laurier became Premier in 1896. The value of the  
Dominion's commerce during eleven months of the current  
year is nearly \$324,000,000, which, for the whole twelve-  
month, will mean an increase of over \$100,000,000 since  
1896. In other words, Canadian commerce has expanded  
more in the last four years than it did in the first fifteen  
years after the British North America act of 1867 went into  
operation. Since Canadian Confederation became a fact, thirty-  
three years ago, the imports of the country have been more  
than doubled and the exports have been trebled. The gain in  
exports is mainly due, of course, to the remarkable expansion  
of the cultivated area. In Manitoba alone the number of  
acres under grain crops has increased since 1890 from 1,082,-  
000 to 2,612,000. This is an increase of about 150 per cent  
in a single decade. Nor is it only as a producer of bread-  
stuffs that the Dominion is making notable progress. Its  
possession of vast forests of spruce contiguous to abundant  
water power is an advantage which is being fast turned to  
account, and is destined to make Canada one of the greatest  
paper-producing countries in the world. The cotton manu-  
factures of the Dominion are also thriving, and the consequent  
increased demand for skilled labor should have the effect of  
diminishing the outflow of population to the United States. In  
a word, if the existence of prosperity is a reason for avoiding  
a change of administration, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has as much  
right to invoke it as has President McKinley. It may be, no  
doubt, contended that the prosperity observed on both sides of  
the border is due to non-political causes, but it may be replied  
that, at all events, the party in power has not obstructed the  
natural tendency to progress.

IT IS ASSERTED on trustworthy authority that in the  
United Kingdom, likewise, a general election will take  
place not later than the end of October or the beginning  
of November. It is probable that Parliament would have  
been dissolved in this month of July had the capture of Pre-  
toria been followed by the expected collapse of Boer resist-  
ance to the British arms. The stubborn persistence, how-  
ever, in guerilla warfare and the repeated rupture of Lord  
Roberts' extended line of communication with his base have  
made it impossible to regard the conquest of the Transvaal,  
or even of the Orange Free State, as complete. It looks as if  
the Boers were fighting for better terms than the uncondi-  
tional surrender upon which Lord Roberts has hitherto in-  
sisted. We observe that the new Ministry lately formed at  
Cape Town has renewed the request put forward by its pre-  
decessor that rebellious British subjects in the Cape Colony  
should receive very lenient treatment, such treatment as Lord  
Dunham meted out to the French-Canadians after their last  
insurrection. It has been hitherto understood that Mr.  
Chamberlain was disposed to deal harshly with the insurgent  
Afrikaners, as well as with the Boer belligerents of the  
Transvaal and the Orange Free State, but he may undergo a  
change of heart in view of the British Government's desire to  
transfer to China a part of the great force now collected in  
South Africa. As for the outcome of the general election  
in the United Kingdom, now fixed, as we have said, for the  
autumn, no one seems to doubt that the Conservatives will  
gain a victory even more overwhelming than that which they  
obtained in 1895, when they secured a majority of 150 over  
British Liberals and Irish Nationalists combined. A germ of  
danger for the Conservatives may lurk in a colossal majority,

for should Imperialist sentiment and the landed interest turn  
the opportunity to account by imposing a duty on foreign  
grain, and thus raise the price of bread, the next appeal to  
the ballot-box would probably result in a tremendous political  
revolution. The operatives, miners and small tradesmen, who,  
under the present franchise laws, are the real masters of Great  
Britain, will never submit to the slightest increase in the cost  
of food for the sake of tightening the bonds between the mother  
country and her colonies. They would rather let the colonies  
go.

WE PRINT elsewhere a timely and interesting article  
in which Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minis-  
ter at Washington, discusses the manners and  
customs of his countrymen and their political and educational  
system. He is, of course, precluded by his diplomatic func-  
tions, especially in the difficult and delicate position which he  
now occupies, from touching, except in the lightest way, upon  
the existing relations between China and the United States.  
We, of course, cannot imitate his reticence on the subject, for  
the Chinese situation presents questions of the utmost gravity  
and urgency to our own government as well as to all the other  
treaty powers. At the hour when we write, not one of the  
Chinese Ministers residing at European capitals or at Wash-  
ington or Tokio has received his passport. This means that  
none of the treaty powers considers that, as yet, a state of  
war technically exists between itself and China. It is true  
that the Taku forts, which fired upon the allied fleet, were  
garrisoned by regular Chinese troops under an imperial officer;  
it is also alleged that the relief force under Admiral Seymour  
was attacked by imperial soldiers, as well as by the so-called  
Boxers; and, finally, it is reported that, after the capture of  
the Taku forts became known in Peking, the foreign Ministers  
were requested to leave the Chinese capital, a request which  
they naturally declined to comply with until a foreign force  
adequate for their protection should arrive. Such a force is  
now understood to be advancing from Tien-tsin to Peking, and,  
should it turn out that the members of legations have not been  
injured, the Chinese Government may absolve itself from re-  
sponsibility by disavowing the acts of the commander of the  
Taku forts and of the imperialist officers who took part in the  
attack upon Admiral Seymour. If, on the other hand, the mem-  
bers of the legations have been violated, and especially if  
the diplomatic representatives of any foreign powers have been  
killed, there is no telling to what lengths reprisals might be  
carried. The Empress-Dowager would almost certainly be  
deposed, and the present Manchu dynasty might be set aside  
as irreclaimably reactionary and untrustworthy. It is hard  
to say what part our own Government could take in retali-  
atory proceedings. In pursuance of what he believed to be  
the purport of his instructions, Admiral Kempf forebore to  
sign the ultimatum sent to the Chinese commander at Taku,  
or to participate in the subsequent reduction of the forts. It  
is understood that Admiral Remy, by whom Admiral Kempf  
will be presently superseded, is ordered to avoid cooperation  
in any political designs, but to confine himself to concurrent  
action having for its exclusive aim the protection of American  
citizens. Does this mean that, if our Minister and all other  
American citizens in Peking should prove to have been mas-  
sacred, we should refrain from any retaliatory course, and wait  
until the other treaty powers had established a strong govern-  
ment in China, from which due reparation might be exacted?  
Suppose, however, that the other treaty powers should decide  
that the dismemberment of China would alone offer an efficient  
safeguard against anarchy and bloodshed; to whom should  
we look for an indemnity? Should we not then be compelled  
either to leave our wrongs unredressed or to accept in our turn  
territorial compensation? Evidently, the Chinese problem is  
one that we may find it hard to solve, if we persist in ad-  
hering to the principles and precedents which prohibit us from  
acquiring a foothold on the mainland of the Old World.  
Practically, we departed from those principles when we  
acquired the Philippines, for the difference between islands  
lying so near the Pacific coast of Asia and the mainland itself  
is obviously but nominal. Let us, however, assume that the  
large relieving force, now on its way to Peking, shall find the  
legations intact, and that the attempts of the Chinese Govern-  
ment to absolve itself from responsibility for the acts of subor-  
dinate officials shall prove successful. Does it follow that,  
even then, the treaty powers will expose themselves to the  
repetition of a state of things under which they have been  
cut off for some three weeks from all communication with  
their diplomatic representatives? Will they not insist upon  
maintaining a large military force at Peking for the future  
protection of the legations, and will not acquiescence in such  
a demand reduce China to the position which was occupied by  
Egypt under the joint protectorate of England and France?  
Would not the United States feel constrained to take part in  
such a protectorate, lest, otherwise, its commercial interests  
should fail to receive adequate support? From whatever  
point of view the Chinese problem is regarded, it must seem  
complicated and awkward to our State Department. It would  
tax the wisdom of the greatest statesman who ever occu-  
pied that post to find a solution which should neither re-  
flect discredit on the present Administration nor prove  
detrimental to the ultimate welfare of our country. Time  
will show whether the requisite sagacity is possessed by  
the present Secretary of State.



JULY 14 1930

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FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF PEKING

## CHINA AND THE CHINESE PEOPLE

By WU TING-FANG, Chinese Minister to the United States

IN COMPARING the social customs of China with those of the United States, one is strongly impressed with the peculiar features of a Chinese community, which are so different from those seen in an American or European city. In every important town, in addition to the patrol of soldiers who do the police duty, private watchmen are employed. When a watchman paces his rounds, he beats his bamboo sticks together, to mark the coming and going of the five watches of the night. By so doing he proves to his patrons that he is on duty and not asleep, but he also frequently disturbs their slumbers.

As a discouragement to intruders and as an attempt to keep out suspicious characters, it is the rule in many cities to lock up certain portions out of harm's way at night. The streets are usually not large, and are often spanned by forbidding gates. At ten o'clock these are locked up for the night, and the homeward way of the belated diner-out is beset with difficulties. To arouse one sleepy gatekeeper after another, and to make clear to each dreary brain one's reason for being abroad and one's earnest desire to return home, is not a pleasant pastime for a tired man.

Many of the rich Chinese are philanthropic and earnestly desire to relieve the suffering they see about them. They give freely of their wealth, but the poor are legion in China, and the task is not an easy one. Private charity, however, which is always more or less capricious, has provided most of the orphan asylums, the free hospitals and the poor-houses of the country. In China, the hand of pity often goes into the pocket of plenty to relieve cases of suffering that never appeal to the American. He fortunately never hears and shudders at the leper's cry of "Unclean! unclean!"

Conservative as my people are, it is easy to understand that they are content to keep on, day after day, at their accustomed tasks with no impatience at their monotony. They are devoid of any craving for excitement. Working year in and year out, without even a weekly rest such as that taken by Sunday observers the world over, they seldom seem to realize the need of the charm of social relaxation. When they do come together for mutual entertainment the company is always small. A social "function," with its crush of people, of the kind so common in this country, would never appeal to a Chinaman as entertaining or relaxing. The Chinese of the upper classes frequently entertain their friends at more or less elaborate banquets, but at the ordinary dinner-party covers are laid for only eight people. Conversation can then be general. As an after-dinner bit, private theatricals are in order, and professional jugglers and comedians are frequently called in to amuse the guests. Similar affairs would be dubbed "stag" parties in America, for they are invariably characterized by the absence of women. The latter entertain each other in their own apartments, as gayly and as pretentiously as they please, but men are never their guests. A woman may be the mistress of her husband's house, but she is never the dispenser of his hospitality.

Social entertainments in China never revolve around dancing or athletic contests, as they so frequently do in this country. Our ideas about the impropriety of the two sexes mingling socially would effectively prevent dancing from becoming a form of entertainment. Athletic sports have not found favor in our eyes, but games of chance have a strong hold on the popular heart. In the tea-houses and cafés, where the club life of Chinese men is centered, gambling flourishes in many forms. It is discouraged by the Government, but there is as little hope of plucking the gaming interest from the Chinese heart as there is of suppressing the trading spirit in the Jewish breast. It is those little ripples of gambling excitement that keep the Chinaman's life from stagnating. Cards, dice, chess, dominoes, all serve to satisfy his passion. "Fan-tan," which is a game of purest chance, absolutely independent in its results of any skill on the part of the player, is a special favorite, which, for popularity among the sporting element, may be compared to the American game of poker.

Some of the most striking differences between the social customs of China and the United States are apparent in the various rites and ceremonies connected with the great events of marriage, birth and death. Among my people the choice of a partner for life is always left to the parents of the bridal pair. They have the interest and welfare of their children at heart and act with the judgment and wisdom that only mature years can bring. The engagement is usually made when the young people are in their early teens—in many cases when they are much younger. Matrimonial alliances between friendly families are the most common.

In some sections of the country, the assistance of a professional match-maker is called in when marriage is desired for a child of the house, especially if no suitable alliance with a friend's child is possible. The rôle of marriage broker is played by women of the middle class. They go from house to house, working up the trade by telling of the eligibles in different families. When consulted, their first instruction always is: "Give me a paper on which is written the day and hour of your child's birth." Chinese women generally are superstitious, and as the marriages are always negotiated by

women, it is natural that superstitious practices should be connected with their solemnization. With this scrap of paper the parent goes to a fortune-teller and has the horoscope of her child cast in conjunction with those of possible partners for him. If there appears to be anything in the fate or fortune of the two young people that would be inconsistent with their mutual happiness, negotiations are dropped at once. It is only fair to say that these fortune-tellers often hit the truth so accurately that the people's faith in them might almost seem to be justified.

The superstitious sometimes go to the joss-house also and ask advice of the idol. This is done by shaking a bamboo case, which contains bamboo slips numbered consecutively and corresponding to the numbered pages of a book in which are collected the sayings of the idol. On shaking the case, one of the slips falls out and its number indicates the page on which will be found the saying of the idol applicable in this case. The keeper of the temple will write it down, so that the inquirer may bear it home, and say to his family: "To-day I went to the temple and asked if this girl will make a good wife for my son, and this is the reply that the joss made me."

If all the omens are favorable to the marriage, the engagement takes place. It is usually effected by the parents of the



WU TING-FANG

boy sending elaborate presents through the match-makers to the girl's parents. Some time before the marriage, a still larger supply of gifts, usually in the form of jewels, ornaments and cakes, is despatched to the bride's home. Marriage itself is delayed until the age of puberty, so the engagement is often of several years' duration.

The wedding festivities usually last three days. On the day previous to the marriage, the girl's parents send her dowry to the home of the bridegroom. If she is rich, it will consist of a great variety of costly articles, including household furniture, clothing and precious jewelry. Early on the day of the wedding the parents of the bridegroom send a bridal chair to bring the bride to their home. It is usually a very gorgeous sedan chair which has been rented for the day. Musicians accompany it and the match-makers follow, bringing more presents. Arrived at the home of the bride, there is usually at this juncture a long pause in the proceedings. The bride is in tears, and makes a great show of reluctance at the thought of leaving her home and her parents. Frequently, six or seven hours pass before she will consent to let her maids adorn her in the bridal robes and headdress sent her by the bridegroom's parents. Slowly her finery is donned—the red dress with its glittering gilt ornaments, the long red veil, the elaborate headdress with its strings of pearls hanging over her face. With her hair no longer dressed in childhood's fashion, but arranged in the coiffure peculiar to a married woman, she bids her family a tearful farewell. At last she gets into her chair and is borne away from her old home. Her brothers follow her in sedan chairs to the house of the bridegroom. The bridegroom, in gorgeous dress, comes out to meet her. He bows, he opens the door of her chair. One of her maids comes up and carries her on her back into the house. There, the bridegroom lifts her veil and sees for the first time the face of his bride.

No priest conducts the ceremony which unites them. Together they kneel before the altar of their Unknown God and before the shrine of their ancestors, and burn incense and

candles. Humbly they make salutation to the bridegroom's parents and receive their blessing. It is as if the father said to his boy: "I have brought you up carefully. I have found you a wife. Now you are a man. Be good and be happy." There is no exchange of words on the part of the young people. They would not be so bold.

After the ceremony, the feasting begins. The parents of the bride entertain one day, those of the bridegroom two or three—men and women being feasted in separate apartments. If there is not room for all in the house, the bridegroom and his friends betake themselves to a restaurant or hotel. On the morning of the third day, the bride is carried home to her parents in her bridal chair. She returns to her husband that same evening, but after a month she may visit her parents as often as desire and convenience dictate. On the third day the bride's parents entertain the bridegroom at a grand banquet.

Engagements once contracted are seldom broken. A broken engagement is apt to be interpreted as a reflection on the character of the girl, and the latter is hence very loth to have it broken. Marriage is a permanent institution in China. Even the promise of marriage is held so sacred that many a girl whose fiancé has died before the marriage day has vowed never to marry. Her wish is usually respected, especially if the family of her betrothed is rich. In that case she says, "I will become a widow," and goes to the family of her deceased bridegroom and lives with them as a daughter. If they are not wealthy, they may not care to be burdened with her support, but she says then, "I will serve you," and then devotes her life to them in memory of the man who might have been her husband. A widow who has children very seldom, if ever, remarries, but continues to live in the family of her late husband, rearing his children to perpetuate the family name. If she is childless, she consults the wishes of her mother-in-law, and may feel at liberty to go and marry again.

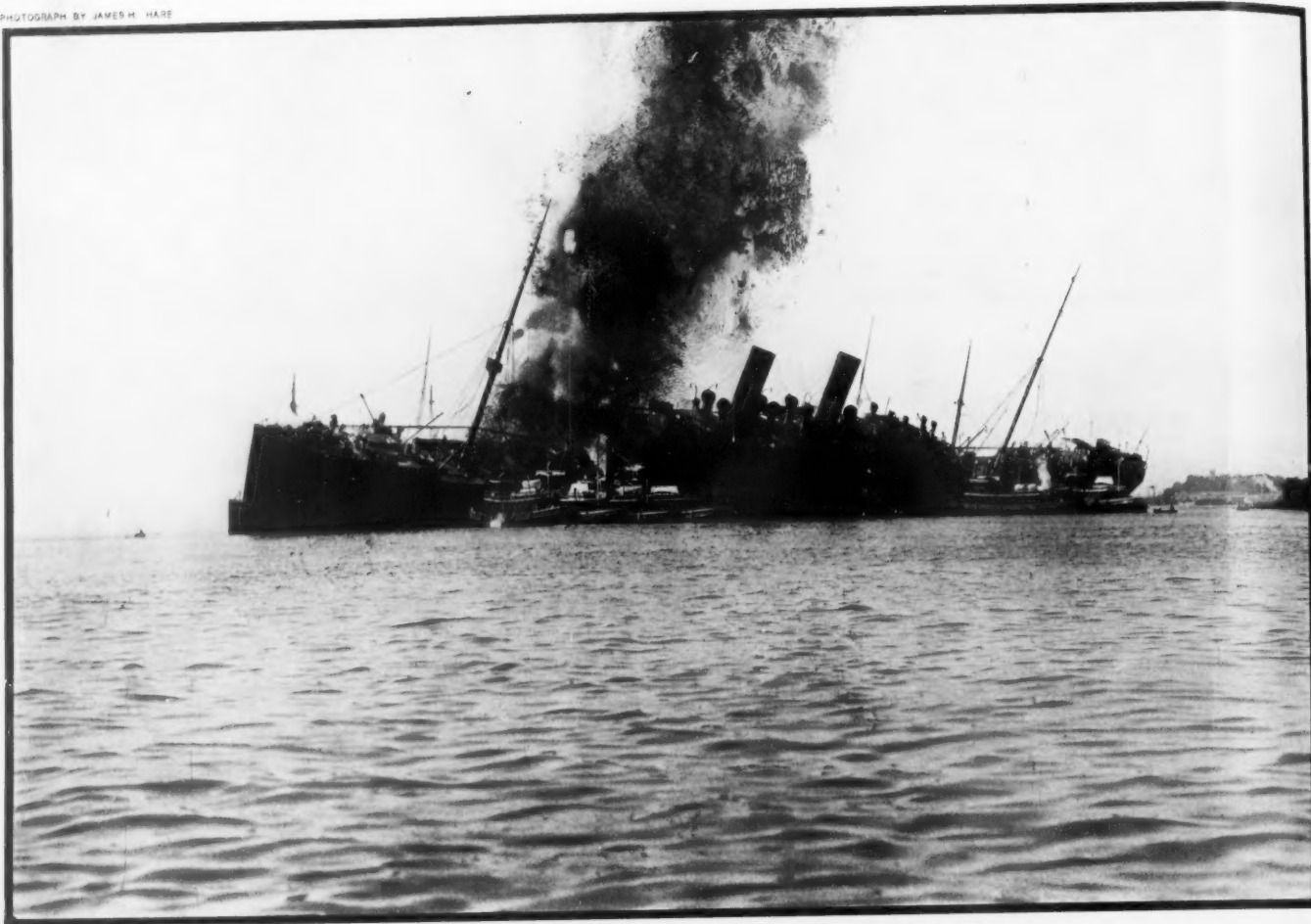
The day when a Chinese woman brings into the world her first-born son is the crowning day of her life. Because a son is legally and morally bound to support his parents in old age, whereas a daughter becomes, on her marriage day, a member of another family, male children are more desired by the Chinese than are female children. In Canton, the parents announce a son's birth by sending to their friends a bottle of ginger wine. The custom has its origin in the fact that ginger is much used by a woman in her lying-in period. In acknowledgment of the announcement, the friends send the child costly presents expressive of their wishes for longevity and happiness.

Death is met in China with a great wail of protest. The dead man's house is filled with the sound of noisy weeping almost before the body is cold. It is a piteous sight to see his children throwing themselves prostrate on the ground, beating their breasts and tearing their hair. They will neither sit on chairs nor lie on couches. They discard their silken robes and don white garments made of the coarsest hemp. They fast and pray and keep watch over the dead body. Until the burial takes place priests recite prayers at regular intervals, and the children of the deceased weep over the corpse at stated times. It is not customary for friends to send flowers, but beautiful satin scrolls instead, on which the virtues of the dead man are set forth. On a certain day these scrolls are hung up, hundreds of them perhaps, and incense burned.

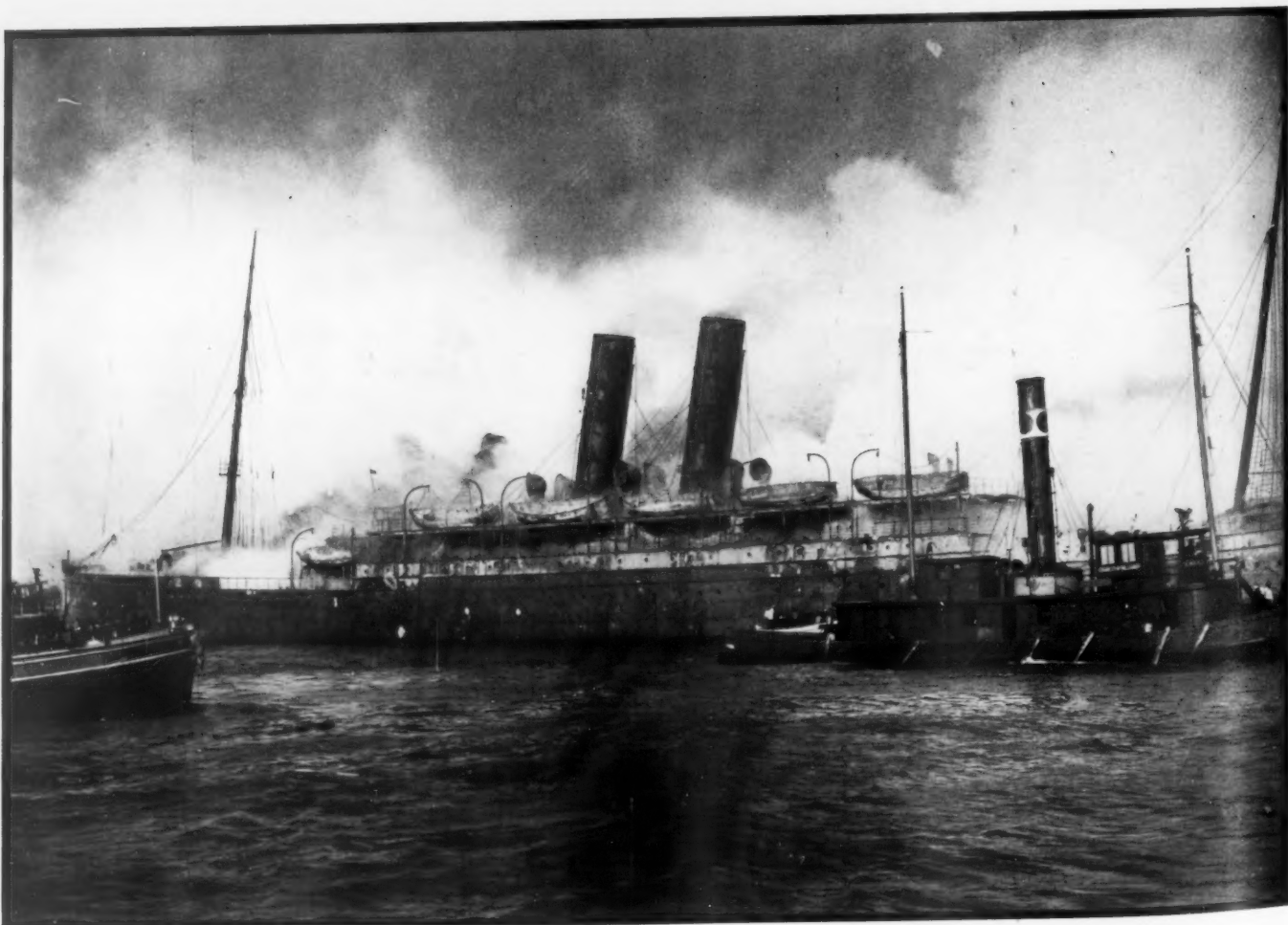
The funeral frequently does not occur until two or three weeks after death, but the body lies all this time in state in its handsome coffin. Rich Chinese are very particular about the good quality of the wood for their coffins, often having them made years before there is any probability of their being needed. It is well known that some distinguished high officials are in the habit of carrying their coffins around with them in their travels.

The funeral cortege is usually very imposing. Friends are present in their most official dress, and a note of mourning added to their splendor by the dark upper coat donned for the occasion. Relatives are clad in the coarsest white, and everybody else wears a band of white about the body. The coffin is borne on the shoulders of men, the rank of the deceased being indicated somewhat by their number. He must have been low in the social scale whose pall is borne by only two bearers. Eight is the usual number, and thirty-two the number when the deceased has been high in official circles. In the funeral train, Taoist and Buddhist priests always occupy a prominent place. Although the Chinese as a nation are followers of Confucius, they have a feeling that the whole truth can be known to none, and believe it the part of wisdom to ensure the future on all sides. Priests of these two sects are accordingly always called in to say prayers for the dead, even though the deceased may have had no faith in their teachings. Rich families also have in their funeral procession people carrying sedan chairs, horses, and furniture made of paper. These things are burned after the burial, the idea being that the dead man shall not want for any of his customary comforts in another world. There are certain coolies in the procession also, carrying memorial tablets which chroni-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE



TUGS HOLDING THE "BREMEN" IN THE STREAM OFF WEEHAWKEN AND PLAYING ON THE FIRE



PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTS AND FULLIS

TUGS TOWING THE BURNING "SAALE" AWAY FROM HER PIER AND OUT INTO MIDSTREAM

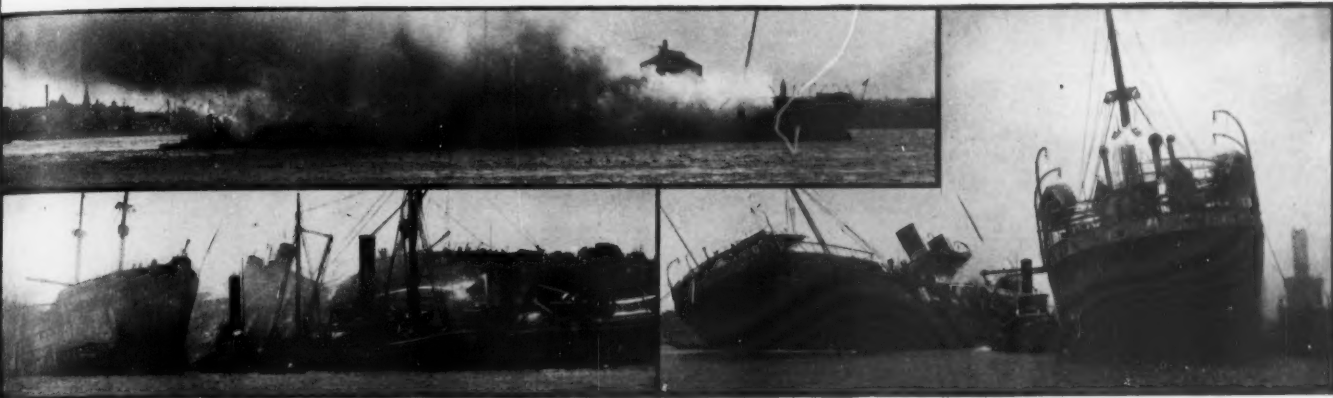
## THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD DISASTER



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERGE AND PULLIS



THE FIRE UNDER FULL HEADWAY AT THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD PIERS. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A PASSING FERRYBOAT



THE "SAALE" BURNING IN THE RIVER AND THE "BREMEN" AND "MAIN" BEACHED OFF WEEHAWKEN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE

THE "BREMEN" WATER-LOGGED AND ASHORE OFF WEEHAWKEN

## THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD DISASTER

THE CONFLAGRATION along the water front of Hoboken, which startled New York and the entire world on the afternoon of the last day of June, was the greatest disaster that ever occurred in New York Harbor, and will take its place among the most terrible marine catastrophes of history.

It wiped out, in one tremendous tidal wave of fire, property that will aggregate, together with the consequent loss of business, at least \$10,000,000. It resulted in the death of 200 to 350 persons, who miserably perished by fire or water, in sight of the homes of 4,000,000 people, in a calm and narrow stream, within a stone's throw of land, surrounded by several hundred boats, and amid herculean, though unavailing, efforts to save them.

As far as is now known, the fire first appeared on pier No. 2, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, among some cotton stored there for shipment to Europe. But even this glint of information is obscure and doubtful. All that is actually known is that the flames were seen at about five minutes before four o'clock in the afternoon, and that they spread with terrible rapidity along the water front, cutting off all possibility of escape to the land for those who were on the piers and in the doomed ships. As if the whole tragedy had been planned by some cunning incendiary, a wall of fire was instantly reared along the shore-end of all these piers; and, after this, there was only one avenue of escape open—the river—and few dared to risk themselves in its waters, even in the face of the furnace behind them.

With incredible swiftness, the flames were communicated to the four ships of the company that were lying at their docks. These were the leviathans of the line, the titanic *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, the *Main*, the *Bremen* and the *Saale*. The flames merely licked the sides of the *Kaiser*, because she was instantly seized upon by a score of tugboats and hauled into the stream, where her crew was rescued and the fire extinguished. With the other three ships, however, matters were far worse. The flames seemed to spread immediately to the cargo on the decks and to that already in the holds, and in a few minutes all of them were wrapped in flames, each beating scores of shrieking and frantic human beings, endeavoring to force their way to safety through the wall of fire on deck or to squeeze through the small portholes in the sides.

The *Main* fared the worst. She was caught by the ebbing tide on the north side of her pier, and pressed against the dock so that the tugs could not pull her away. As her cargo went up in flames, and the iron of her hull and superstructure was becoming red-hot, many of her crew, imprisoned in the hold, were frantically beating against the iron sides in a vain appeal for help. It was not until the tide turned that she could be hauled away from the docks and a systematic effort made to rescue the sufferers. Some of them had already perished—how many is not known.

The *Saale* and the *Bremen*, being on the southern sides of their piers, were readily pulled out into the stream, as the tugs were aided by the current. But so swift had come the disaster that it was impossible to get at the men and women in the holds of either of these vessels. Only those escaped who could force their way through the flames or get through the portholes. Many were seen to die slowly, some devoured by fire, others drowned, like rats caught in a trap.

At the *Saale*, Father John Brosnan, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, administered absolution to a poor wretch who kept his head out of a porthole too small to allow him to escape, while fire crept upon him from within and the flood of waters from without. The ship had been beached, and was being submerged by the rising tide. The man had just fifteen minutes' grace. While the father administered the consolation of the Church, the rescuers poured water about the doomed man, to beat away the flames, that he might have at least that quarter of an hour of life.

These were merely typical scenes. Dozens perished in similar fashion—by water in the holds of the submerged ships, or by flames that caught them in their floating prisons. Scores of others died in the river. One tugboat, the *Dalzell*, picked up more than seventy persons, but saw as many more go down for the last time. A large number of men were imprisoned in the hold of the *Bremen*, also, but they were rescued, after long and painful efforts. It is thought that at least forty stewards of the *Saale* were caught in a similar way, and perished.

The total of losses, of life and property, as far as can be ascertained, is about as follows: Lives lost, at least 200; probably 300 or 350. Property lost, about \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. This latter figure includes, of course, the loss to business.

The North German Lloyd loses three of its transatlantic fleet and four piers. It will use the Cunard pier, No. 52, for a while, and will at once rebuild its destroyed docks, renting others in the meanwhile.

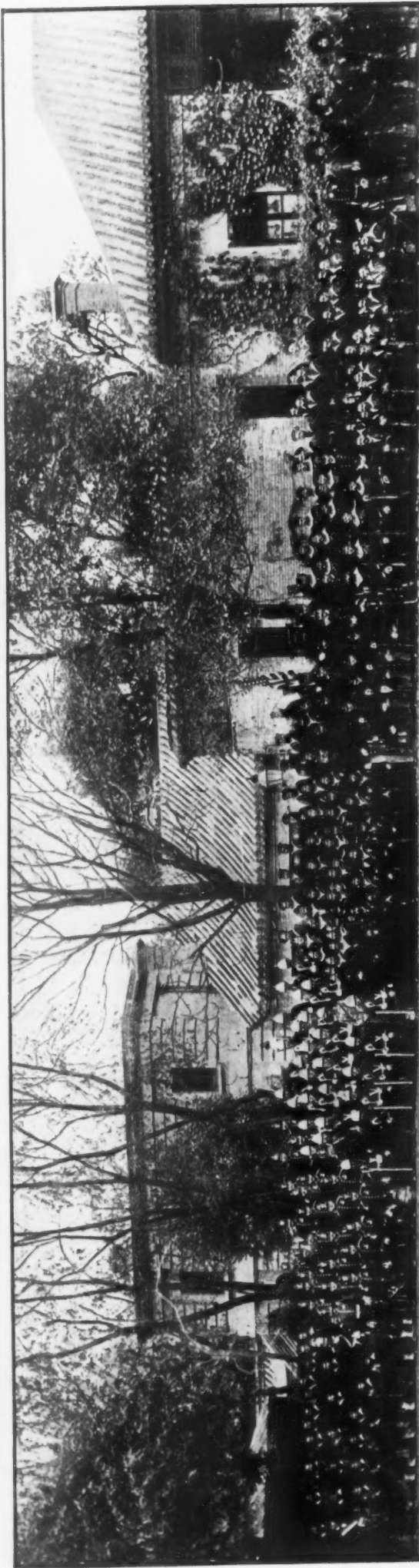
ele the offices and honors of the dead man, one for every office. After the funeral, these are brought back to the dead man's house and placed in the hall of his ancestral home. Mourning music made by the doleful beat of drums and the shrill plaint of pipes and flutes is also a part of the procession, which is often so long as to take an hour to pass a given point.

The choice of a burying-ground is considered a matter of great importance in China. A class of people who have great influence there are the "Geomancers," whose function it is to decide whether a place is lucky for a burying-ground or for building a house. Rich people spend a great deal of time and money in going about selecting burial places for their dead. Sometimes they spend years in their search. When a lucky place is found, the Geomancer may say, "If you bury your father here you will be rich yourself before you die." It is commonly believed that any good luck in the life of a person comes as a reward for burying his parents or grandparents in the right spot. It sometimes happens that the parents die before the lucky spot is found, and in that case a little house is hastily constructed and the body given a temporary resting-place there. No greater crime is known in China than that of desecrating a graveyard. Because graves are found everywhere in China, the first railroad built there had to follow a very circuitous route in order to avoid them. It is better when the people are poor for railroads to pay them to move their graves. If the people are rich, and money is no consideration, it is wiser to change the route of a railroad than to rouse the wrath of the people.

The graves of the dead are carefully tended by the living. Every year, at about Easter time, men of all classes over the Empire ask leave to go and visit their graves. They take with them votive candles and fire-crackers, meat and wine. A libation of wine is poured on the ground, and the spirit of the dead rests satisfied.

There are several public festivals during the year, when the Chinese join hands in general rejoicing. They bunch their holidays together and take a month off about New Year's time. The shops are closed then and the streets given over to carnival sights. Houses are gayly decorated, people are clad in holiday attire, and there is an overabundance of eating, drinking, gambling, juggling and drum-beating. Elaborate displays of fireworks are a feature of that festive month.

Strange power of custom! To the minds of most men, what has been is sufficient reason for what shall be. And yet in the course of centuries the most deeply-rooted customs have been known to change. But in China the power of precedent is strong.



ITALY

GERMANY

GREAT BRITAIN

JAPAN

UNITED STATES

AUSTRIA

FRANCE

RUSSIA

THE INTERNATIONAL FORCE OF MARINES ON GUARD AT PEKIN UNDER THE GENERAL PROTECTION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

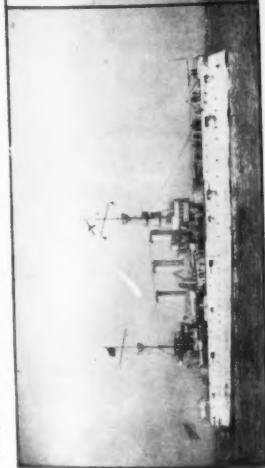


THE NEW UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "KEARSARGE," ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL FIGHTING MACHINES AFLOAT, PROBABLY DESTINED FOR CHINA

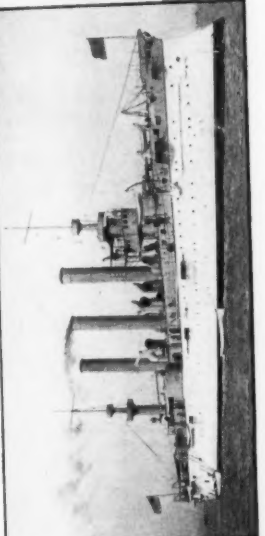
## THE WAR IN CHINA



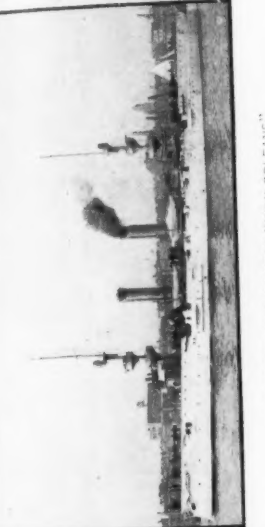
PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY 1902 BY MALLER, BOSTON



THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK"



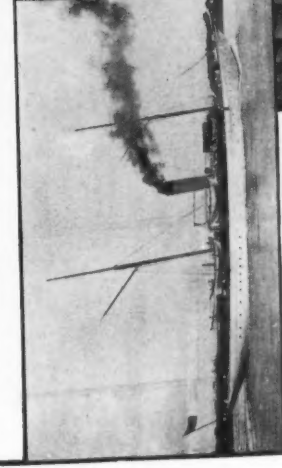
THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN"



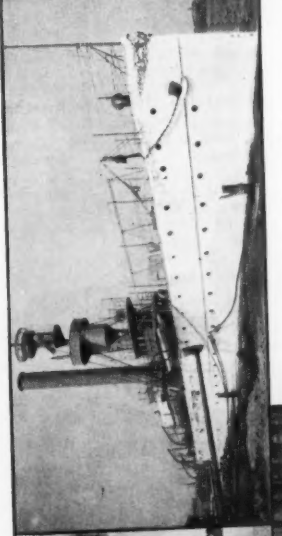
THE PROTECTED CRUISER "NEW ORLEANS"



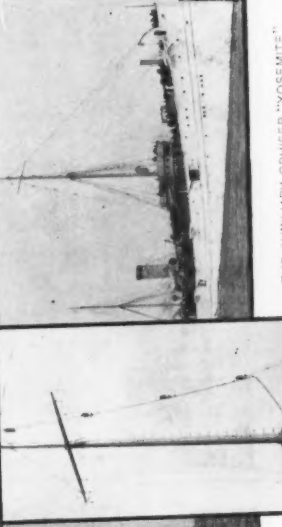
THE GUNBOAT "PRINCETON"



THE GUNBOAT "SCORPION"



THE GUNBOAT "HELENA"



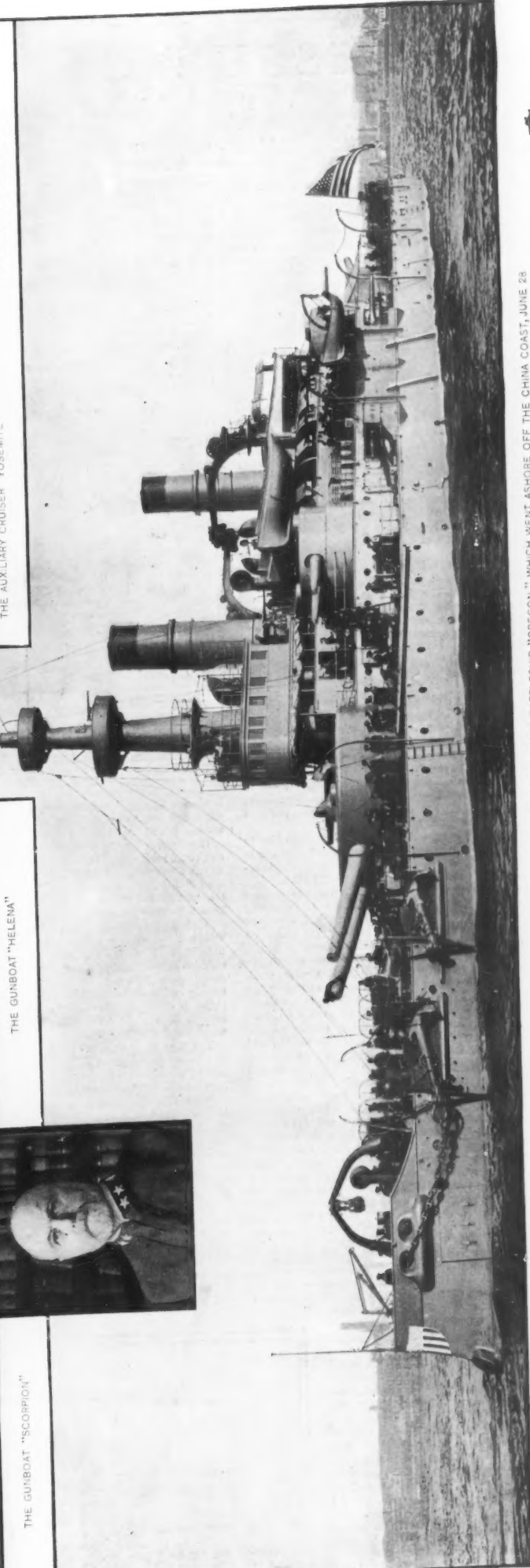
THE AUXILIARY CRUISER "YOSEMITE"



THE SUPPLY SHIP "GLACIER"



REAR-ADMIRAL LOUIS KEMPPF  
COMMANDING THE FLEET



THE FAMOUS SEA-GOING BATTLESHIP "OREGON," WHICH WENT ASHORE OFF THE CHINA COAST, JUNE 28

# AMERICAN NAVAL VESSELS FOR CHINESE WATERS

# THE ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

EDITOR'S NOTE—THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE PRESENTS THE MAIN SUBSTANCE OF THE COMPREHENSIVE PAPER BY MR. W. J. BRYAN WHICH APPEARED UNDER THE SAME TITLE IN THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW" FOR JUNE. THIS CONDENSATION WAS PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION

OF MR. BRYAN AND IS NOW PRINTED HERE UPON HIS PERSONAL AUTHORIZATION. THE EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" DESIRES TO THANK THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW" FOR KIND PERMISSION TO PUBLISH IN THIS FORM THE CONTENTS EMBODIED IN MR. BRYAN'S ORIGINAL PAPER.

THE ISSUE presented in the campaign of 1900 is the issue between plutocracy and democracy. All the questions under discussion will, in their last analysis, disclose the conflict between the dollar and the man—a conflict as old as the human race, and one which will continue as long as the human race endures.

The Declaration of Independence set before the world four great truths which were declared to be self-evident: first, that all men are created equal; second, that they are endowed with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; third, that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights; fourth, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

But before a generation had passed, wealth, represented by Hamilton, began to assert itself, and contempt for the rights of man and distrust of the people themselves began to be manifest. Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, undertook the task of arousing the friends of human rights and civil liberty, and he led them to victory in 1800.

During his first administration Lincoln pointed out the attempt, then in its beginning, to place money, the thing accumulated, above the individual by whose toil it was accumulated, and warned his countrymen that the exaltation of matter and the degradation of man threatened the very existence of the Republic.

For many years after the close of the War of the Rebellion the Republicans held undisputed control of the Federal Government, and an appeal to the prejudices and passions aroused by that great conflict was sufficient answer to any criticism or complaint coming from the party out of power. During this period class legislation became the order of the day, and wealth not only sought favors from the Government, but secured exemption from just burdens. When war taxes were to be reduced, the taxes bearing upon the rich were taken off first.

Under the euphonious plea that public credit would be strengthened thereby, the terms of Government contracts were altered in the interest of the bondholders. Then, in 1873, a change was made in the standard money, a change so indefensible that nearly every public man denied any knowledge of the purpose of the act. For twenty-three years following the passage of that act every party pledged itself to restore the double standard, but the financiers succeeded in controlling the dominant party and thus maintained the gold standard in spite of popular protest.

In 1896 the Democrats refused to be any longer parties to the duplicity, and took an open and unequivocal position in favor of the immediate restoration of bimetalism by the independent action of this country at the present legal ratio.

In 1896 the money question occupied by far the greater portion of public attention. Since 1896 the same sordid doctrine that manifested itself in the gold standard has manifested itself in several new ways, and to-day three questions contest for primacy—the money question, the trust question, and imperialism. There are several other questions of scarcely less importance, but the lines of division upon these run practically parallel with the lines which separate the people upon the three greater ones. If a man opposes the gold standard, trusts and imperialism—all three—the chances are a hundred to one that he is in favor of arbitration, the income tax and the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people, and is opposed to government by injunction and the black list. If a man favors the gold standard, the trusts and imperialism—all three—the chances are equally great that he regards the demand for arbitration as an impertinence, defends government by injunction and the black list, views the income tax as "a discouragement to thrift," and will oppose the election of Senators by the people as soon as he learns that it will lessen the influence of corporations in the Senate.

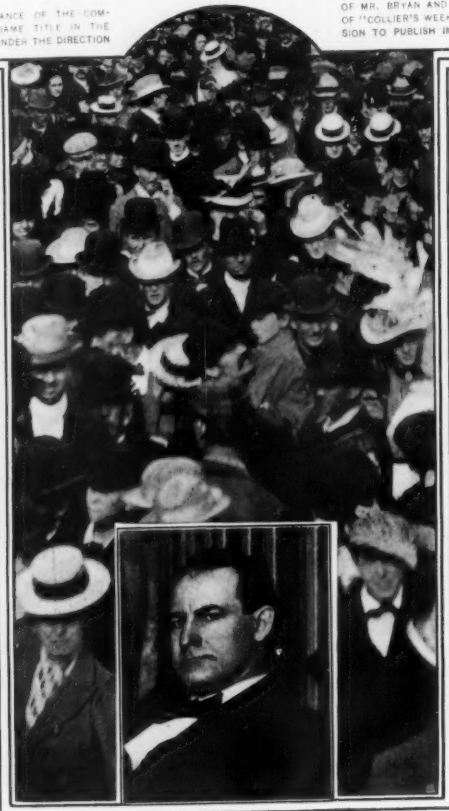
The Republicans have dealt with all three questions during the present Administration in a manner which they would not have been willing to outline in 1896. This refusal to take the people into their confidence is in itself an evidence that they are either conscious that their policies are not good for the people, or that they distrust the capacity of the people for self-government.

If the Republican platform was honest in 1896, bimetalism was desirable at that time, because 13,500,000 voters supported candidates pledged to bimetalism, differing only as to the means of securing it. The contest upon this question must be between those who believe in the gold standard on the one side and, on the other side, those who believe in a financial policy made by the American people for themselves.

The trust question is more easily understood than the money question. The appreciation of money is slow, while the rise in the price of trust-made articles is sufficiently rapid to attract attention.

The trust question was in the campaign of 1896, and the menace of the trust was then pointed out, but the warning was unheeded. Now the heavy hand of monopoly is laid upon so many that there is a growing protest against a system which permits a few men to control each branch of industry, fix the rate of wages, the price of raw materials and the price of the finished product.

The recent action of the barbed-wire trust illustrates several phases of this question. It shows that a monopoly can raise prices when it desires to do so; and it also shows that a monopoly will raise prices when it can. It shows how an artificial rise in price will lessen consumption and thus decrease the demand for labor;



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

it shows how a monopoly can shut down factories to work off the stock, throwing upon the laborer the burden of maintaining prices.

If one asks for the annihilation of private monopolies, he is confronted with the statement that they are a part of our industrial system and have come to stay. If one suggests restrictions upon corporations, he will be told that the Government cannot interfere with the way a man uses his money. The difference between the natural man of flesh and blood and the corporate man created by law is overlooked by those who can see nothing higher than the dollar argument. Competition between the natural man and the great corporation may be grossly unequal and unfair. The line must be drawn at the point where the corporation seeks to establish a monopoly and deprive individuals or smaller corporations of the right to compete. In other words, the legislation necessary at this time must be directed against private monopoly in whatever form it appears.

The Republican party cannot be relied upon to deal with the trust question. The sympathies of those who control the policies of the Republican party are entirely with organized wealth in its contest against the masses.

While State Legislatures can do much, Congressional action is necessary to complete the destruction of the trusts. A State can prevent the creation of a monopoly within its borders and also exclude a foreign monopoly. But this remedy is not sufficient; for, if a monopoly really exists and is prevented from doing business in any State, the people of that State will be deprived of the use of that particular article until it can be produced within the State.

The Democratic party is better able to undertake this work now than it was a few years ago, because all the trust magnates have left the party. The Republican party is less able than ever before to make a successful war against the trusts, because it numbers among its membership all the trust magnates it ever had, and in addition to them it has all the Democratic party formerly had.

The Philippine question is even plainer than the trust question.

tion, and those who will be benefited by an imperial policy are even less in number than those who may be led to believe that they would share in the benefits of a gold standard or of a private monopoly. Here, again, the Republicans dare not outline their policy.

When the treaty was ratified, in February, 1899, it was expressly declared by several Republican Senators that the ratification of the treaty did not determine the policy of the Government, but merely concluded the war with Spain. The McKinley resolution, adopted by the votes of Republican Senators, declared that it was the sense of the Senate that the Philippine Islands should never become an integral part of the United States, but left the policy open for future consideration.

The nearest approach to a plan which has received any considerable support among the Republicans is that outlined in the Spooner Bill, which provides that: "When all insurrection against the sovereignty and authority of the United States in the Philippine Islands, acquired from Spain by the treaty concluded at Paris on the tenth day of December, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, shall have been completely suppressed by the military and naval forces of the United States, all military, civil and judicial powers necessary to govern the said islands shall, until otherwise provided by Congress, be vested in such person and persons, and shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct for maintaining and protecting the inhabitants of said islands in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion."

But this is far from definite. It means that when the war is over (no one knows when that will be), the President is to do something (no one knows what), and is to keep at it (no one knows how long); and that then Congress is to take some action (the nature of which no one can guess). Why this evasion? There can be but one reason for it, that the Republican leaders have decided upon a policy which they are not willing to outline.

If the Filipino is to be under our domination, he must be either citizen or subject. If he is to be a citizen, it must be with a view to participating ultimately in our Government and in the making of our laws. Not only is this idea negated by the McKinley resolution, but it is openly repudiated by every Republican leader who has discussed the subject. If the Filipino is to be a subject, our form of government must be entirely changed. A republic can have no subjects. An imperial policy nullifies every principle set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

Those who advocate an imperial policy usually assert that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government. It might be a sufficient answer to quote the resolution of Congress declaring that "the Cubans are and of right ought to be free," and the report made by Admiral Dewey declaring that the Filipinos are far more capable of self-government than the Cubans.

If an imperial policy is indorsed by the people, a large standing army will always be necessary. The same influences which led to a war of conquest in the Philippines will lead to wars of conquest elsewhere, and an immense military establishment will not only become a permanent burden upon the people, but will prove a menace to the Republic.

One of the great objections to imperialism is that it destroys our proud pre-eminence among the nations. When the doctrine of self-government is abandoned, the United States will cease to be a moral factor in the world's progress.

While the Republican party has been evading a direct issue and trying to unload its mistakes upon Providence, the Democrats have urged a plain and simple remedy, viz., that we treat the Filipinos as we have promised to treat the Cubans. The Bacon resolution, which was defeated by the vote of the Vice-President just after the treaty was ratified, was supported by nearly every Democrat in the Senate, and was indorsed by a Democratic caucus in the House. It read as follows:

"Resolved, further, that the United States hereby disclaim any disposition or intention to exercise permanent sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said islands, and assert their determination, when a stable and independent government shall have been erected therein, entitled in the judgment of the Government of the United States to recognition as such, to transfer to said government, upon terms which shall be reasonable and just, all rights secured under the cession by Spain, and to thereupon leave the government and control of the islands to their people."

Had this resolution been accepted by the Republicans at the time it was introduced, and acted upon by the Administration, not a drop of blood would have been shed at Manila. Hostilities can be terminated at any moment by a declaration of this nation's purpose: first, to establish a stable government; second, to give the Filipinos their independence; third, to give them protection from outside interference while they work out their destiny.

The Bates treaty, negotiated by the Administration last summer, provides that the United States shall protect the Sultan of Sulu from foreign interference. It ought to be as easy to protect a republic as to stand sponsor for a despot.

Instead of regarding the recent assault upon constitutional government—the attempted overthrow of American principles—as a matter of destiny, we may rather consider it as the last plague, the slaying of the first-born, which will end the bondage of the American people, and bring deliverance from the Pharisees who are enthroning Mammon and debasing mankind.

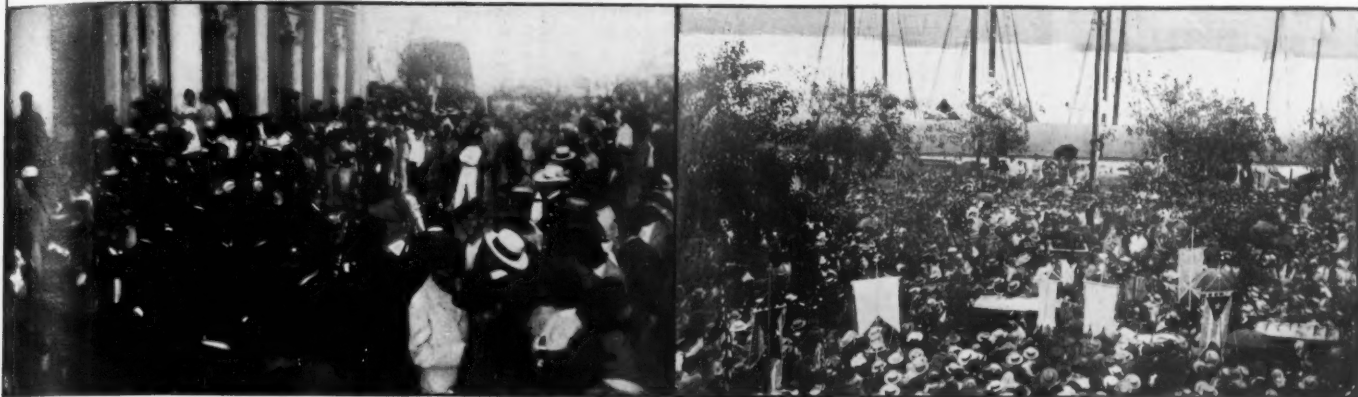


THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION HALL AT KANSAS CITY



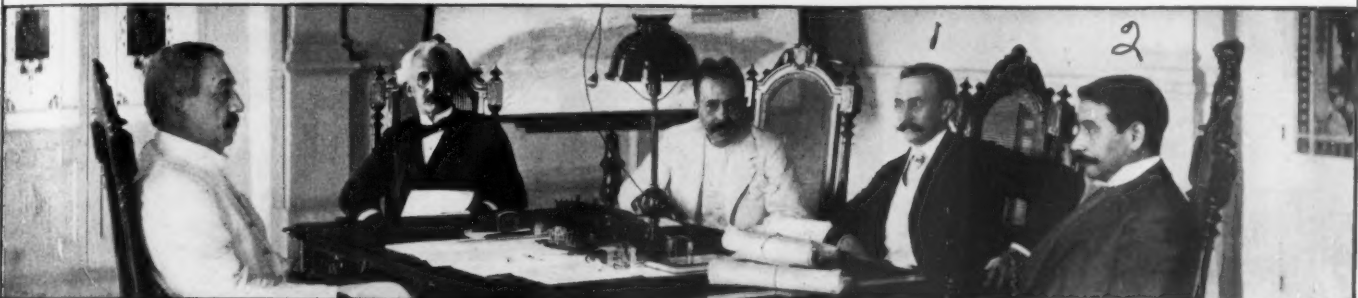


GENERAL ALEJANDRO RODRIGUEZ, MAYOR OF HABANA; GENERAL ENRIQUE COLLAZO, A LEADER OF THE DEMOCRATIC UNION; GENERAL QUINTIN BANDERAS, A LEADER IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA; GENERAL JOSE GOMEZ, CIVIL GOVERNOR OF SANTA CLARA; GENERAL LEYTE VIDAL, MAYOR OF MARIANAO; SENOR MANUEL SANGUILY, A REPUBLICAN LEADER; GENERAL JUAN DUCASSE, A PROMINENT PLANTER AND POLITICIAN; GENERAL MONTEAGUDO, CHIEF OF SANTA CLARA RURAL GUARDS; JUAN GOMEZ, ORATOR AND AGITATOR



CITY HALL ENTRANCE—PEOPLE AWAITING ANNOUNCEMENT OF RETURNS

A REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING, HELD JUST BEFORE ELECTION DAY



SENOR GONZALEZ LANUZA (1) AND SENOR DOMINGO CAPOTE (2), LEADERS OF THE REPUBLICANS



ADVANCE GUARD OF "MANIFESTACION" IN HONOR OF ALEJANDRO RODRIGUEZ

## THE FIRST CUBAN ELECTIONS

(SEE PAGE 15)

Exodus

S. R. Crockett.



BY JAY HAMBIDGE



VIL MERODACH got on well with his ecclesiastical superior the Rev. Dr. Strabour. He remained longer, indeed, in the parish of Whinnyligate than all his predecessors put together. This was in part owing to the quiet and unobtrusive godliness of Ninian's life, his lack of all airs and graces of the insinuating sort, and partly to the superior manner in which he could doctor

the minister's old sorrel nag, "Patrick Hamilton," so as to save both the life of the beast and the expense of a "vet."

In other ways, also, "the Brand" pleased the minister well. First of all he had obviously no intentions upon the succession of the parish, for, as was soon widely blazed abroad, he had on one occasion met the patron, old Admiral MacSkimming, at Whinnylgutte House and given him so efficient a dressing down for swearing on the public road that that distinguished naval officer was reduced to shaking his fist at the daring "helper."

But when the patron complained to the minister of his subordinate's insolence, Dr. Strambout only chuckled and said, "A faithful man, admiral—a faithful man is a pearl of great price!"

This was the tale as it was told in Whinnylgigate and the story which Mr. Gilbert brought to us. But the next time I was "up the country" I made a point of calling upon Ninian and remonstrating with him upon the short-sightedness of his quarrelling with the patron of the parish. To try him I took it upon myself to recommend a judicious submission. I told him, with the party bias of the son of a Cameron elder, that the probationer of a Kirk founded upon the civil magistrate and endowed by the State could not afford to be overnice in the presence of the patron.

But I could get no change out of Ninian.  
 "He's but a poor craitur, a pair, pair craitur—and so I  
 telled him," said Ninian, all undaunted, "what for should  
 I be feared o' the likes o' him? Gie me the pairish when  
 the doctor dies—never, as lang as he has a cousin's son sax  
 the times removed to provide for. Mair nor that, if it's the  
 Lord's will that I get the pairish, I'll get the pairish, patron  
 or no patron! And if no—weel, my auld maister in Dundee  
 wad be glad and proud to get me back to the cartin'. I was  
 aye carefu' wi' the fodder an' kind to the beasts. And I  
 ave could o' en do my duty there as weel as in Whunny-  
 biggate, next door to the Kingdom o' Heeven as you Galloway  
 folk think yoursels."

But I asked him what had really happened at the famous interview, and he told me with that mathematical accuracy which characterized all his assertions, and with that fresh veneer of Galloway accent which had begun to overlay the cosmopolitan terrors of his utterance,

"There's little to tell," said he, "and that little no worth the tellin'! I was comin' my ways hame, doon by the Locher woods, when I hears a most mighty noise, and somebody fairly tearin' their throats at the swearin'. So I grips my stick by the middle and steps on.

"An' there, by the mile-stane at the foot o' the mill wheel comes on a beast and cart in the shench, the richt wheel tapmost and a' the load o' packages lying scattered abroad in the ditch. There was a man at the head o' the beast, but I saw at the first gliff what was the matter wi' him. He had hidden a kenna' ower laug at the 'Blue Boar' doon at Cairn Edward, an' that was sweener! It was a wee purse."

"But it wasna him that was sweerin'! It was a wee pursy man wi' many clints as round a' folds in the doctor's Sunday sack cloth, and a face as thimble and red as the harvest mune. He had on white korsemere shorts and a blue coat wi' shlinin'. He had an odd dappit hat cockit on the back o' his heairtoun. He had an odd dappit hat cockit on the back o' his heairtoun, and he was danein' about like a puddock wi' its head cuttit aff, and lavin' on the man and beast time aboot wi' a same action wherever he could lay."

"So as he can' ower near me in yin o' his spangs, I e'en took the whup frae him and threw it ower the dike.

[illegible]

an' nocht better than a cam' at me wi' a  
poor'er an' variety in my language than that!"  
"Then he wadna listen to me but actually cam' at me wi'  
his nioves—at me, Ninian Murdoch, sayin' that he wad kill  
me where I stood an' sidleke fule talk. So I was obligated  
to catch him by the scruff of the neck an' haul him up frae the  
ground. And there he hung between earth an' heeven yirkin'  
like a rabbit afore ye draw its neck, an' the heels o' his wee  
patent leather shuine playin' cluckety-clack together. Man,  
I could hardly keep frae lauchin'. And his e'en stood out o'  
his head like a gaspin' cod's. For what wi' his anger an'  
his kickin', the skin was streakin' on him like the hide o' a  
drum."

"'Xoo,' says I, 'juist keep a ceevil tongue in the head o' ye, or I'll scrape it a bane kame I keep for the purpose. An' no anither word oot o' ye aboot my mither. She was as decent a woman as yer ain—maybes better, for she brocht me up as civilly than ye appear to hae been.'"

me up wair civilly than ye appear to be. I'll shuggle that just  
"And wif that I gied the cratur a bit shuggle that just  
shook him doon intil his claes as if he had been sae muckle  
potty-head! Then I sets him doon on his feet, and man-  
wif ye believe me, he could hardly stan'! No, it wasna  
anger. He couldna be ony angrier than he was. The speech  
was juist fair chockit in him, and he was doon there by the dikeside,

"'Noo,' says I to him, 'sit ye doon there by the dikeside, till I get this cairt richtit.'

"And doon I jumps intil the ditch. The man coom  
been lashed wi' the muckle whup stood wi' his mouth open  
like a pitato-pit. So I ordered him to keep his hand on the  
right wheel and I wad some hae a' things sound. I howsed the  
beast and gied it to the wee man to laud. He never spoke.  
He joist opened his jaws and yappit at me when I pat the  
wing over his arm. . . . if ye can band a horse

"'Noo," says I to him, "let us see if ye can hand a horse beest better than I can sweet!"

"And faith, he did it no that ill. But he never said a single sensible word, just gurgled in his throat like a muckle black dog that is chokit wi' a collar."

"So I lifted up the cairn and brocht it ont to the road. Syne I harness'd the beast while the man, sobered a wee noo, was gatherin' up the parcels and bits o' things tied wi' twine! And to the

"Then says I to the man, 'Get in an' drive!' And to the wee man I says 'Up wi' ye!' But he only gobbled and addled your nor ever. So I took him by the breeks chint and he was off like a shot, the string, 'Tak' it, ye

goldered waur nor ever. So I took him by the collar o' his coat and set him amang the strae. 'Tak' and the mannie hame,' says I, 'as, if he canna walk better than a mannie, he shouldna be trustit oot on the King's highway.' 'I'll tak him a word o' re-

he can sweer, he shouldna be trustin' oot sic a  
way without a keeper.' After that I gied him a word o' re-  
leegious advice, as was my duty and bade them drive on!

"And noo, Alee, do ye coont that mair as  
cryin' about in the pairish?"

and the admiral, old enemies though they were, had laid their heads together to get Ninian out of the parish. They had even gone to the doctor. But the minister was an obstinate man, and when he took a thraw he would not be driven any more than Ninian himself.

So the admiral, being the laird of the village, and Rorrison the employer of all the field-laboring folk, it came to pass that Ninian was turned out of his lodging in the kirk elchan and could not get another nearer than Whinnyligate itself, which was five miles off across a wild moorish track of uncultivated land.

It was then that the doctor showed the mettle he was made of. A thrawn cantankerous old carle he had always been considered. Not a single member of Presbytery had ever slept within the walls of the manse. Judge then what the surprise of the folk was when it became known that Ninian the new "helper" had gone to hide there by invitation of the doctor. It was looked upon as a sign of the coming of the good. And so in a manner it was.

But there at the manse by the waterside dwelt Ninian Murdoch looking more cherubic than ever, cracking up the firewood for old Betty Biggletree, the minister's housekeeper, carrying water, climbing on the roof to mend a loosened slate or sweep a chimney. It was even reported in the parish that he had been seen with a clothespin between his teeth, helping Betty to hang out the washing.

Rorrison took his late defeat badly and would not allow his daughter even to attend the kirk, but kept up a drunken "splore" all day with his cronies, roaring and drinking till the noise of them could be heard across the Water of Dee. It was a favorite ploy of theirs to devise punishments they named "Heelant helper," as with oaths and cursings they named him. Then Rorrison would call his daughter in and recount these things to her, shouting with delight when her face paled and her lip trembled. So in his unutterable folly the man thought to cure the lassie of her infatuation. He had no woman to warn him what would be the result.

It was whispered that the young farmer of Knocknannon on Saturday night in the Long Wood of Larbrax. But as Ninian preached the next day as usual upon the text, "Let brotherly love continue," it was thought that there could be no truth in the matter. Still, when questioned at the market on Wednesday, as to certain abrasions and contusions visible on his face, Knocknannon explained that he had been coming home late one night and had stumbled over the trans of a man in the dark.

But all this was ended short and sharp by the death of Dr. Striraboul. He died one Sabbath morning very early, at the time when all very old and all very young people die. Betty and the "helper" were with him. Some premonition of what was to come seemed to have touched him that Saturday, for he spent nearly the whole day in his study writing a long letter, which being finished and sealed he committed to Nias in a firm hand to "The Rt. Hon. His Grace the Duke of Niddisdale, K.G., Burrisdore castle, Niddisdale."

Ninian walked over the hill to the post with it, as the old man seemed anxious about it, and when he returned Dr. Strabour had been taken with a shock and was past all consciousness.

Only for a moment he rallied, as Betty has told me a score of times—indeed to this day continues to recount the minutest details every time she sees me. He opened his eyes and looked up at Ninian, whom he appeared to recognize. He even smiled a little.

"I'm feared ye have but a poor chance of getting the admiral's parish, laddie," he said, "but at least ye made a chance to an unkenne'd tune!"

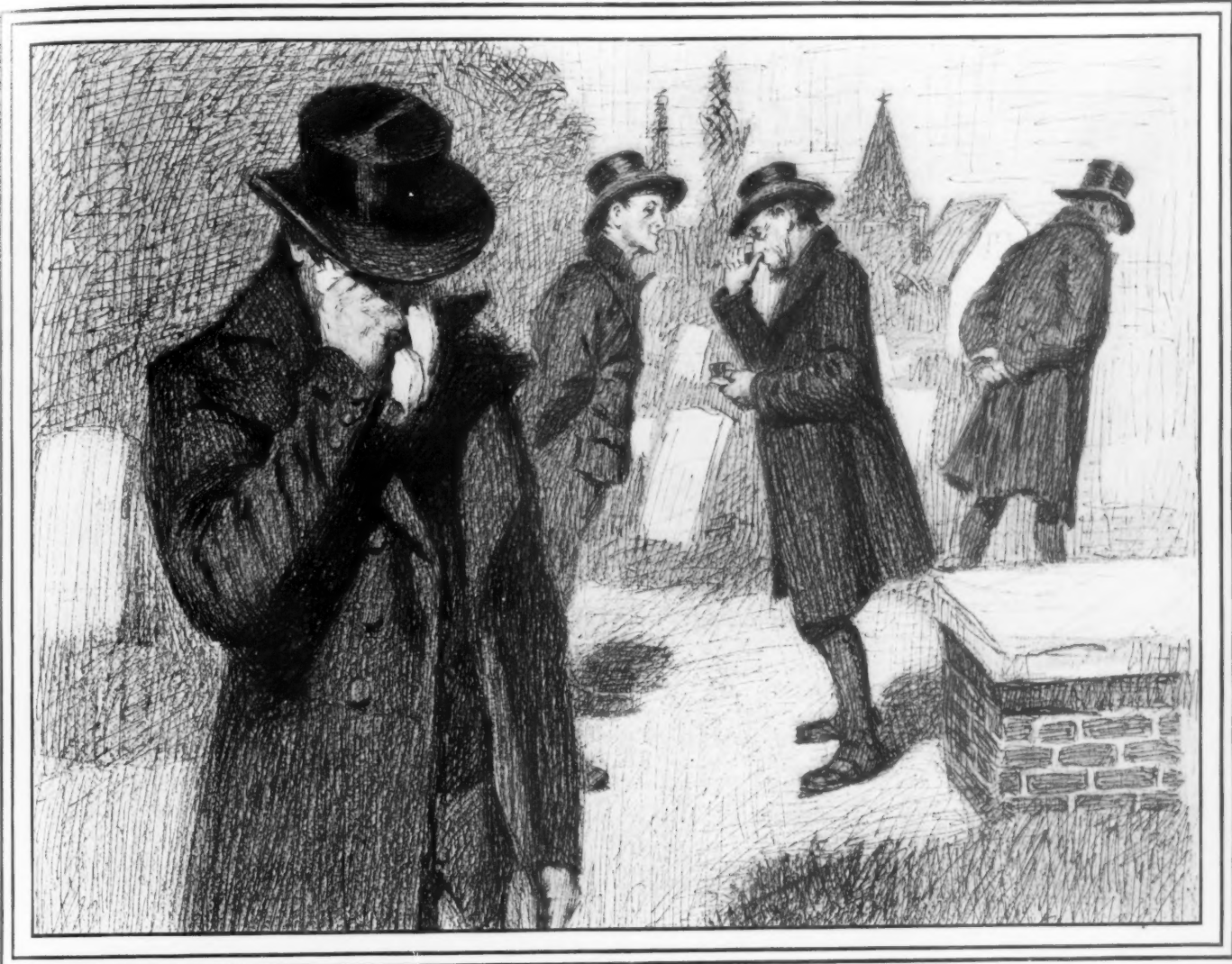
"Do not think of these things now, doctor!" said Sydney soothingly.

"Well, I never was a great benefactor of the human race," said the old man, and again he smiled a little. "But I have some money," said the old man, and again he smiled a little. "It is my best hope to find myself in the place reserved for unfaithful servants."

And indeed he said rightly. For though he lingered some

NOTE: "EXODUS" IS THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF SIX SHORT STORIES BY MR. CROCKETT, AUTHOR OF "THE RAIDERS," "JOAN OF THE SWORDHAND," ETC., DEALING WITH THE FORTUNES OF A SCOTCH DIVINITY STUDENT OF MOST REMARKABLE CHARACTER. THESE STORIES WILL APPEAR AT INTERVALS OF A MONTH AND WILL BE PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAYRIDGE.





NINIAN . . . WAS THE ONLY ONE TO SHED TEARS

hours, that was all the testimony he gave. Only at the very last he opened his eyes.

"Lift me up a little, Ninian!" he said.

The young helper did as he was bid.

"I thank you!" murmured the old gentleman, and they were his last words.

Ninian Murdoch made all the arrangements for the funeral, and, pending the event, stayed on in the manse. He preached a sermon on the Sabbath which is yet remembered. He had a way of leaning over the bookboard of the pulpit and dropping his words on the folk like boiling lead out of a spoon, very searing to the consciences. And when he preached all his grotesqueness of utterance seemed to leave him completely.

On the Wednesday of the funeral came Dr. Stirabout's brother, who was a lawyer in the town of Drumfern. The brothers had not spoken for wellnigh half a century, but all the same it was understood that everything was left to him. He did not go to the manse, but stayed at the big house with the admiral, whose "doer" or general man of business he was. On the funeral day he came down half an hour before the time appointed for the burying in company with the admiral, Anthony Rorrison, the young farmer of Knockannan, and Purdie the minister of Southwick, a man very sib to so roisterous a clan.

Poor Ninian was never asked to put up a prayer, or so much as to read a portion, or even to "taste" when the whiskey and shortbread were carried round at the first service, which is the right of the meanest beggar at the gate. But in the kirkyard it was noticed that he was the only one who shed tears for the lonely old man they were laying away in an undimmed grave.

Then afterward they gathered in the manse, and Ninian with them, looking lost and shilpit and wae. So soon as they were within the door the lawyer brother turned on the "helpoer."

"And now, sir," he said, "pray remove yourself from this house. I give you an hour. You have too long imposed on the frailty of my poor brother. You shall not impose upon me."

"Yes," cried the admiral, in his thin reedy voice, every moment shrilling higher and higher with passion, "and out of this parish also! For be assured no roof to cover you shall you get within the bounds of Whinnyliggate."

"No, nor yet any work outside of it," said Purdie of Southwick, who had been primed before he came. "I will see to it that no certificate of life, character, or doctrine shall you have from this Presbytery. And without it you cannot be employed in any other. That will teach you to be somewhat less free in speaking evil of dignities!"

Ninian lifted a bag from under a chair. It was a small bag, but only sufficient at the most to carry a few books and a few articles of clothing.

"Geeup," cried Rorrison, "the fellow has been all night in the manse with the run of every lockfast place. The doctor's keys were in his power. I do not think we ought to let him get off so easy."

"Indeed, I thank you, sir, for the suggestion," said the

lawyer, "it is well thought on. He shall also submit himself to a personal examination."

Then very suddenly a spasm of anger, quick as the light-



A FACE . . . WATCHED HIM . . . FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS

ning that flickers on wet sand when a foot presses it, flashed up in Ninian's eyes, "Let any man dare to lay a finger on me," he cried in a terrible voice, "let any dare to hinder me

—and by the grace that drew me out of the horrible pit, I will wring his neck like a clockin' hen's!"

And though not a tall man he looked around with so fierce an air that all shrunk from before him. The little admiral got behind a chair with some activity. The lawyer retired to the window and became absorbed in a paper. Even Tony Rorrison, who would have held up the beam at twice his weight, stood aside.

And so Ninian walked forth into the world poorer than when he came to Whinnyliggate. For the doctor had always meant to pay him his salary, but as often had put the matter off. He thought that as Ninian was staying in the house it did not matter.

Outside the manse the folk had not yet scattered. They stood in changeful groups about the kirkyard and the leaning foot, not saying much, but making a pretence of "cna'iu" the crack" and keeping the tail of their eyes ever on the manse door.

When Ninian came out, however, those nearest moved in to intercept him. And from all quarters the folk began to flock together till he and his black bag had become the centre of as large a crowd of black coats as had ever been seen in the parish within the memory of man.

"Yes, freends," said Ninian, smiling bravely, "I am going to leave you. I am turned from heck and manger."

"You shallna gang! We will petition! Every man here will stand by ye! We will mob any man they try to put in your place! Hold by us and we will stand by you as our forefathers did by Macmillan! Ye are welcome to bed and board as lang as we hae a roof over our heads!"

These were some of the greetings that mingled with the tumultuary handshaking. But Ninian only shook his head.

"They are in the right of it—you deserve a better man than poor Ninian Murdoch. But dinna fear for him. When the Lord shuts yae door, he opens another. Fare ye weel, freends! Fare ye a' weel!"

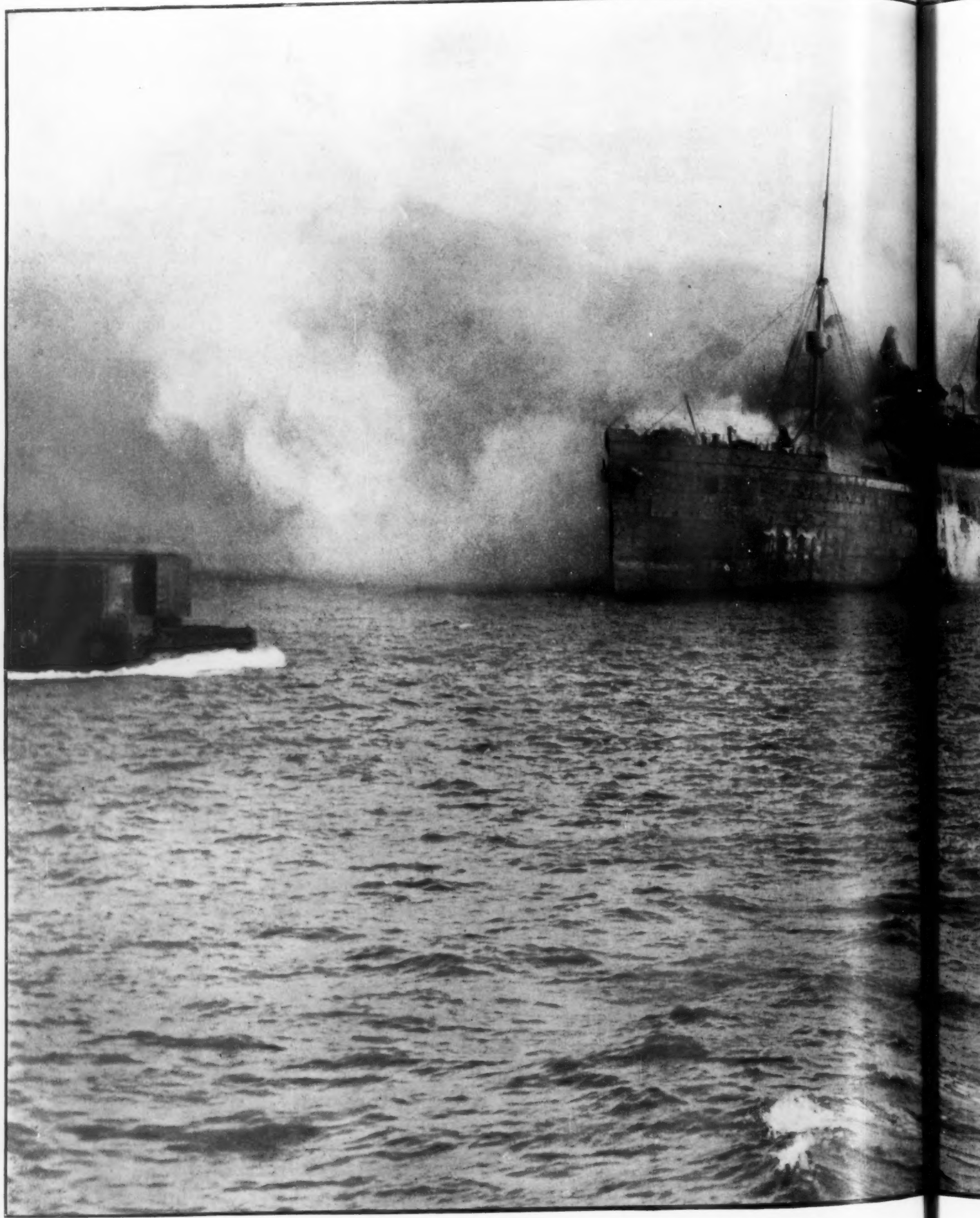
"Where are ye gangin', minister? At least hide a while among us an' look about ye!" cried the kindly folk.

"Na, na, freends," said Ninian, solemnly, "God never meant that any man should eat the bread of idleness and no be the waur o't. I ken o' a job to put my hand to. It is in the toon o' Dundee, that maybe ye hae heard me speak o'—in the cartin' line."

So Ninian Murdoch, carter and probationer, turned his back on the parish of Whinnyliggate and walked with his little black bag in his hand along the dusty highway toward Carn Edward. His eyes were dry and he neither looked to the right nor yet to the left, save only when he passed the house of Ingleton. There he turned and took a long look at an upper window on the right hand side. But he saw nothing. He did not know that a face tear-stained and pale watched him out of sight from behind the curtain.

And as he went he kept muttering over to himself, "Ninian, ye thought to serve the Lord as his ordained minister. But if it be his purpose that ye serve him as a carter—the will o' the Lord be done!"

END OF THE FOURTH STORY

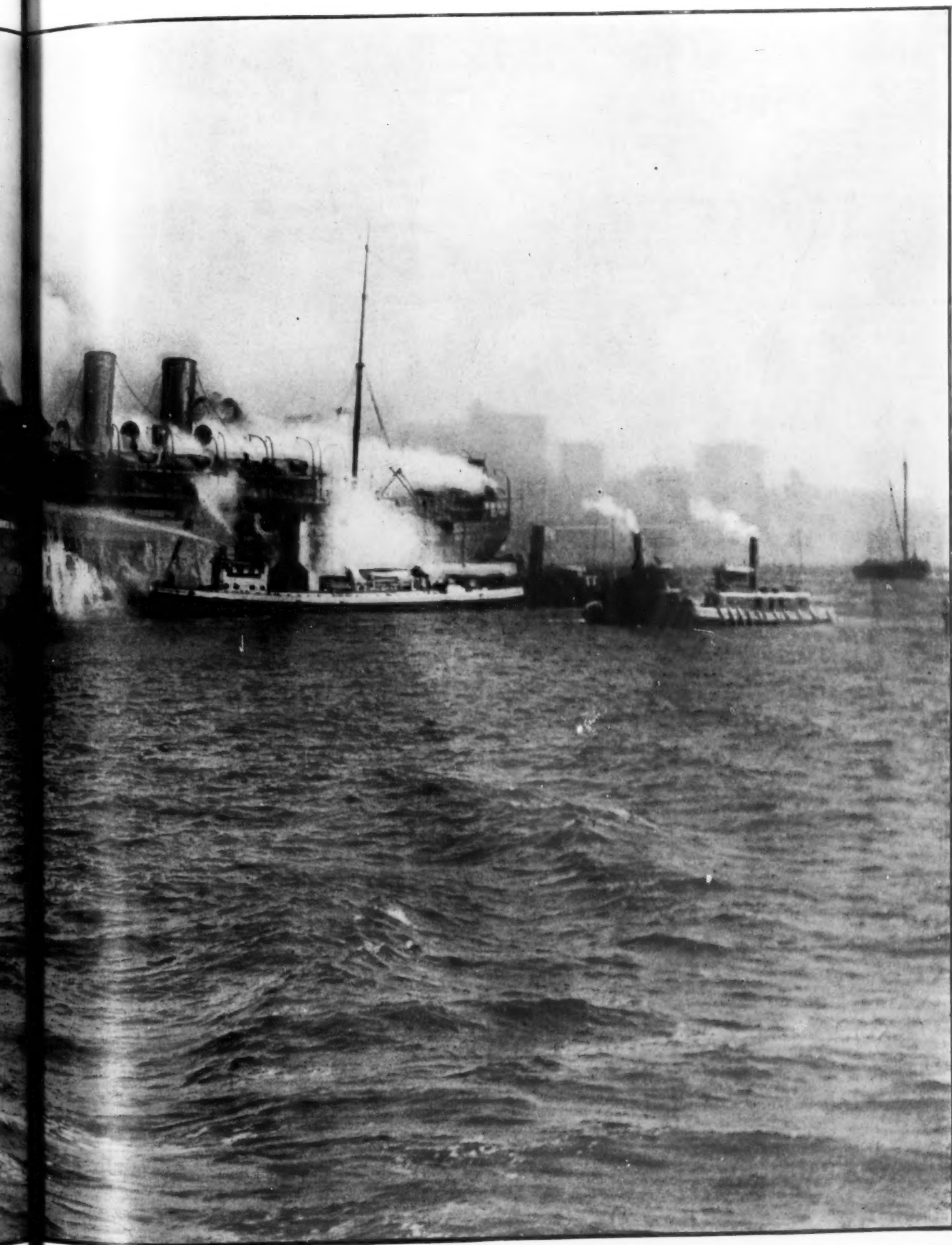


PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT ELLIOT, NEW YORK

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD LINER "BREMEN" BURNING

(See p. 5)





BURNING ON THE HUDSON RIVER, SATURDAY, JUNE 30

(See p. 5)



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

## AN ORDEAL BY FIRE



IT WAS MIDSUMMER NIGHT. The moon was but little past the full, and the Whitfords were giving a party—a party befitting the season, for every one was to impersonate a character from the poets, and the invitations read from moonrise till dawn.

On the piazza, embowered in wistaria, Mrs. Whitford received her guests, aided by no other light than the level rays of the moon. A dim circle of electricity mapped out on the sweep of the lawn an enormous open space, where a few couples were dancing to the heart-breaking rhythm of a Strauss waltz. Many more were sitting on benches in the shadow of the trees. Further away, in a smaller circle of turf, a group of the nymphs from "Comus" were whirling round about a captive Titania, while up and down everywhere a selected band from the Fables of La Fontaine, comprising the youthful element of the neighborhood, were making the most of the few hours allowed them, and chasing each other along alleys and avenues with barks and squeaks and shrill childish screams.

Behind the house, terrace by terrace, the garden climbed up a little hill, and here many couples, both well and ill-assorted, were walking. By some strange chance, Tristram had found his Isolt, here went the Jabberwock and the Blessed Damozel, there Achilles and Juliet, while at the gate The Ancient Mariner was inviting Hædree to the dance.

On the third side of the house, far enough away to avoid dissonance with the music on the lawn, the village band was playing in a ci-devant tool-house, for the amusement of those who demanded a polished wooden floor for their enjoyment. Round the main room opened various smaller rooms, which a keen sense of smell might have suspected of having been once employed in the service of photography. Before the open doors of these hung mysterious curtains, inscribed with the name and occupation of the inmate: "Michael Scott, Wizard"; "Virgil's Sibyl, None other genuine"; "J. Wellington Wells, Dealer in Magic and Spells"; and, in the most remote corner of all, "The Witch of Atlas, Love-Potions."

A Fool, dressed in very motley, which better became his tall, small-hipped figure than it suited his worn, inanimate face, had been leaning for some time in the outer door, but now suddenly crossed the room and raised the curtain of the last-named booth.

This within was hung throughout in black. In one corner, upon a glistening white column, a large green-eyed black cat was sitting, in proud meditation. A blue light burned upon the table, behind which the Witch, not so terrifying a being, in spite of her steeple-crown, was brewing some deadly concoction in a copper caldron.

"Good-morrow, Good Wife," said the Fool, doffing his feather to the ground.

The Witch did not raise her head.

"Know you not, Fool," she said in a deep voice, "that a witch was never yet wife, good or bad, to any man?"

"Then, by my faith, her witchery availeth her little, say I," returned the Fool.

"Fire on thee, Fool!" cried she. "Is not thy motley witness enough of thy folly but thou must needs bear it out with words like these?"

"Of a truth, Sweet Witch," he replied, leaning his broad shoulders against the wall, as if he intended that his visit should prolong itself, "of a truth, we are agreed that the speech of a man should accord with his outward seeming; and though thy black eyes and harsh words do most properly

suit thy calling, yet I doubt not that thy deeds would well become an angel of light. So I, in conduct, am a very Nestor."

"And thinkest thou," said the Witch, for the first time raising her eyes, and fixing them on his, "thinkest thou that it was wisdom that brought thee hither to me?"

"Ay, marry, of that I make no doubt," answered the Fool; "for as I stood in yonder doorway I said within myself: 'Truly, in time of peace it is prudence to make ready for war, and he who is heart-whole doth wisely to prepare to suffer the passion of love.' Therefore, Most Sweetest Lady of Atlas, give me, I pray thee, of thy most potent potion, that I may keep it ever by me, and possess my mind in peace."

Without answering, the Witch took from a shelf a small flask of Venetian glass—amber, flecked with gold—and poured into it a few drops of the ruby-colored liquid that bubbled in her caldron.

"Know, Fool," she said as she gave it into his hands, "that ere thou drawest the cork thou must speak these words," and she repeated with great solemnity:

"Spirits of Fire, Spirits of Dew,  
My heart's desire, I ask of you:  
The love I brought her (be hers the same)  
Is limpid as water and hot as flame.  
This draught inspire with breath of you,  
Spirits of Fire, Spirits of Dew,  
That my heart's desire may thus come true."

Then shalt thou have thy will. My potion is powerful," she added slowly, "and the price great."

"Verily," said the Fool, "an it were as high as a kiss to the brewer thereof, yet would I pay it."

Had the idea been less absurd he would have sworn she blushed as she answered:

"Oh, most rash Fool, even thou shouldst know that one spell doth counteract another, and he who hath once kissed the maker of love-potions is little likely to offer them to others."

"Now, by my troth," exclaimed the Fool, "I do believe that thou art naught but a minx, and no witch at all."

"Then," said she, "guard thyself well from the kissing of minxes, for it hath been known to destroy a man's taste for the salutation of the more deserving."

The Fool would perhaps have been willing to make a practical refutation of this audacious theory, but at this moment a scream was heard, some one shouted "Fire," the band stopped playing, and the sudden rush of dancers past the booth shut the door. The Fool sprang to it, but the blue light on the table, now all that remained to them, showed that there was no handle on the inner side. Three sweeps of his arm brought down the black hangings, which he hoped might hide a window, but there was none. With knee and shoulder he tried to break out the door, but it had been firmly built and withstood him. Beating with fists upon it, he shouted aloud. Perfect silence met his efforts. Every one, apparently, had fled from the building.

The black eyes of the Witch had grown abnormally large,

BEATING WITH FISTS UPON IT, HE SHOUTED ALOUD

BY  
ALICE DUER MILLER

and her face looked small and ghastly. She laid her hands on the door, and then dropped them as if remembering the insignificance of her powers, as she said in a whisper, as if confiding a piece of news: "It's a dreadful death."

"We're not dead yet," he answered, renewing his blows. It seemed the stranger that the walls should so resist, for they were not so tight but what a heavy, pungent smoke began to make its way through them.

"I don't want to die," wailed the Witch.

His only answer was to curse between his teeth the original designer of the trap. Next he moved the table aside, and from the opposite wall flung himself with all his weight against the door, but the space was so narrow that he gained little force.

"It's no use," said the Witch. She came close to him. There was a trace of panic in her shaking voice, though her movements were calm. "I want you to be quiet a moment and listen to me. I begin to feel the smoke. Perhaps you will get out even if I don't. If you do, I want you to find a man—he's dressed as Marlowe's Faustus; you'll know him—and tell him I didn't mean what he thought, that I love him dearly—dearly say—that he made me very happy, and that if—" The muscles of her mouth pulled down and she stopped, giving her whole strength to overcome the weakness.

There were tears in the eyes of the Fool. He turned from her, and, lifting up his voice, uttered a cry that might have waked the dead.

An instant later the door was opened by a surprised Pied Piper, who said: "What the deuce are you making such a noise about?"

The larger room was deserted. The whole company had flocked to the lawn, where the late prisoners could see that circle within circle of Greek Fire was burning; there was not a patch of turf but was bathed in rose-color, not a tree nor shrub but stood out uncannily in the pink radiance, and from the centre of all the circles a fountain of golden light was flinging down cascades of sparks, and single stars shot on high, there to burst into swarms of different-hued planets.

The Witch deliberately took the arm of the Fool.

"Noise!" said she. "We were in terror of missing the fireworks. Some rude revellers slammed the door and we could not open it. It may be, Sirrah of Hamelin, that you would have made some noise yourself." So saying she swept haughtily away.

Outside, the Fool pressed the hand upon his arm. "Permit me, madame," he said, "to offer you a glass of champagne with my most earnest congratulations on the presence of mind by which I have profited. I have no objection to representing a fool, but I hate to look like one."

"Ah, well," answered the Witch, "I myself have a strong dislike to an anti-climax. Witness in proof thereof the farewell message I committed to you, which was, I think you will own, the last word in romantic adieux." She raised her glass, and looking at him steadily over the rim, she added: "I need scarcely tell you that there is no one here in the character I mentioned, and that my words were a mere tribute to my ideals of the dramatic requirements of the situation."

Her companion drained his glass before he spoke.

"One of the few advantages of associating with fools," he said, "is that they are so easily deceived. Now I would have sworn that you were speaking from your heart."

Nor, perhaps, was the impression destroyed when subsequently, in the small hours of the morning, he met her walking in the garden, hand in hand with a gentleman whose costume bore every outward resemblance to that of Marlowe's hero.







IRVING M. SCOTT

"THE Oregon was a hustler—from the time she came off the ways on the Pacific slope until the horrid day when she ran on the rocks off the coast of China." So spoke a former member of her crew. The same remark, with a slight difference, might be applied to Irving Murray Scott, the man who built the Oregon and who, before this, established the largest marine construction yards on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. Scott was born on the "Old Regulation" farm, about twenty miles from Baltimore, which had been in the possession of the Scotts from long before Colonial times. His father was a Quaker preacher. He was apprenticed to the iron and wood-working trade in Baltimore in 1854, and in 1858 he passed into the employment of the big firm of Murray & Hazlehurst, where he saw his first battleship in the course of construction. Although he entered as draughtsman, he was presently put in charge of stationary and fire-engines and was holding that position when the firm failed. That failure introduced young Scott to Peter Donahue of California, who had purchased, among other things, a fire-engine from the bankrupt firm's stock. Donahue induced Scott to go West, and took him into his own firm as draughtsman.

Mr. Scott left the Donahue establishment in 1863 to join the firm of H. T. Booth & Co., which became, through successive changes, in each one of which Irving M. Scott always figured near to the top, the Union Iron Works as it is known to-day.

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Outside of shipbuilding, Mr. Scott devotes much of his energy to politics. But all political ambitions notwithstanding, it is as the builder of the peerless bulldog battleship *Oregon* that Irving M. Scott will go down to posterity.

#### FEEDING FOR HEALTH.

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A complete change in food makes a complete change in body. Therefore if you are ailing in any way, the surest road back to health is to change your diet. Try the following breakfast for ten days and mark the result:

Two soft boiled eggs. (If you have a weak stomach, boil the eggs as follows: Put two eggs into a pint tin cup of boiling water, cover, and set off the stove. Take out in nine minutes; the whites will be the consistency of cream and partly digested. Don't change the directions in any particular.) Some fruit, cooked or raw, cooked preferred, a slice of toast, a little butter, four heaping teaspoons of Grape-Nuts with some cream, a cup of properly boiled Postum Food Coffee.

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For dinner in the evening use meat and one or two vegetables. Leave out the fancy desserts. Never over-eat. Better a little less than too much.

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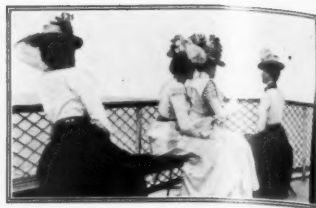
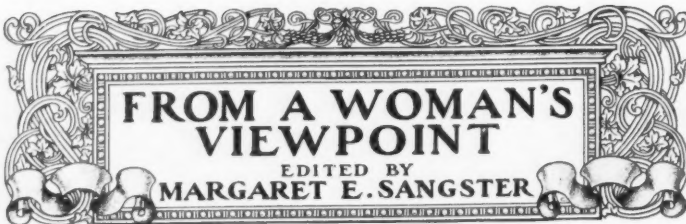
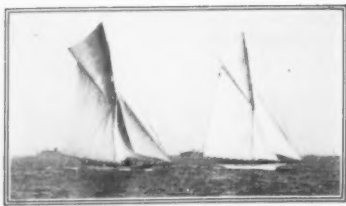
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THE FIRST PLACE among midsummer pleasures must be accorded to yachting. Its disappointments are few; its satisfactions many. To a lover of the open sea its fascinations are endless—what with the changeable moods of the weather, the delights of sunset and moonrise, the wild joy of a swift race before the wind, the enchantment of the great waves, and the freedom of the wide expanse. Hemmed in between brick walls, heated by the never-dying fires of trade, jostled by incessant crowds, how great the relief, what unutterable bliss to feel the deck beneath one's feet, and to see the

white sails filling above one's head. The host who invites a party of congenial friends to go yachting is always popular, and the party has never a dull hour, finding resources of its own even when caught in the net of an undesired calm. Love-making is in order. There should always be young people on a yacht to indulge in this pastime, which may easily become serious. As for comfort and convenience, a yacht is sure to be well equipped, the cuisine, the service and the supply of all necessary requirements for a week's or fortnight's trip are complete. On our long coast line there is frequent opportunity for a run into port, and the ladies may thus often go ashore, investigate scenery and shops, and dazzle landmen with their beauty, for women who love the sea and whom the sea loves are always beautiful.

New Yorkers with small boys at home from school for vacation, and the country rest still a week or two away, should not miss the opportunity of making those boys supremely blessed, and giving them at the same time a lesson in natural history. The magnificent park at the Bronx is very near our doors, accessible by electric and steam cars, by surface and elevated roads alike. There may be seen such a collection of birds and beasts as few zoological gardens have ever shown in any land; all sorts of wild animals, with so long a tether, and so much space for har and den that their captivity is mitigated, while their meals are certain, and they need not, as in their forest life, seek their meat from God. Birds of the tropics, in splendor of plumage and every variety of song, flit through green branches and forget that they are away from their native haunts. A curious yet horrible magnetism draws many observers to the reptiles, against whom humanity turns with instinctive loathing, while still there is a desire to behold and study them, repulsive as they are. And the mighty bears, the sluggish lions, the sleek tigers, the wolves, the chattering monkeys, and the rest of the strange, quaint, dumb, incomprehensible creatures whom we call the brute creation, are there to be visited and to afford unmeasured ecstasy to the eye and mind of an intelligent child.

A little man, only six years old, the other day detained a huge ocean steamship for twenty minutes after the hour for sailing had arrived. His grandmother, a very old lady, had disappeared, and the child, fancying that she had gone ashore, rushed out upon the pier himself and resisted every attempt to carry him on board again, until his relative was finally found. The disproportion between the size of the midget and the bulk of the vessel, between a baby's will and the tremendous authority of a steamer's captain, made the incident sufficiently amusing to be chronicled.

At last the immense multitude of business women who daily lunch downtown are to be congratulated on the organization of a Business Women's Club. As yet this new and sensible association does not vie with the Lawyers' or the Downtown Club in luxury. It is centrally located and offers only modest accommodations, clean, well-spread tables, prompt attention, and an abundant though simple repast for twenty-five cents, with tipping prohibited. Rest rooms, and parlors where members may chat at their ease, and the other ordinary conveniences of a club, are among the attractions promised. To the journalists and stenographers, whose work is in offices in the crowded region below the City Hall, this new venture means a most agreeable change, the question of luncheon in peaceful surroundings at a price within their means having long pressed upon these women as an insoluble problem.

Miss Grace Dodge, speaking on the occasion of the club's opening, said that plans were projected for similar associations uptown, which may be good tidings to clerks and saleswomen in Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets and Sixth Avenue. The Town and Country Club at 12 East Twenty-second Street has for several years offered valued privileges to women of the leisure class, who, residing elsewhere, are transiently in the city. Whether a day's shopping or an evening's amusement be their object, or their stay last for a week or longer, they can be most comfortably entertained

here, with appetizing meals, and quiet rooms in which to read and write, while the ample drawing room allows them to receive callers at their pleasure. Members sometimes give luncheons and dinners at the club, and it is a popular institution with those who belong to it. Of another order, yet highly appreciated, is the Margaret Louise Home, in some sense allied to the Young Women's Christian Association. This house opens its doors of hospitality to the feminine visiting stranger for a limited period at a moderate cost, and makes her, while she is its guest, entirely at home. In its restaurant, admirable meals are served at a nominal rate.

A difficult problem, and one not easily adjusted, is that of the man who must stay at business during the heat, while his wife and the girls are off enjoying a change of scene. When their summer resting-place is near enough for the man to join his family once a week his condition is not unbearable. But if Monsieur be left to the dreariness of solitude for many consecutive weeks, he is a fit subject for condolence. Besides, he may be taken ill, and for this reason only and no other, arrangements should be made for the comfort of the stay-at-home as well as for the pleasure of those who may leave home.

#### ABOUT WRINKLES

LOVELY Sweet-and-Twenty was swinging in the hammock. The great Dane lay at her feet; he was never far from his mistress. Near her head sat Jack Allen; he, too,

Jack looked puzzled.

"I suppose, Nancy dear, that no woman wishes to be old and ugly. But I do not see the use of fretting. Some old women are charming. There's your grandmother. She holds a court wherever she is. 'Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety.'"

"Jack, of all quotations I loathe that one. Yet, it does apply to grandmother. She is wrinkled, but who cares? She has white hair and wears a cap. She walks rather totteringly and carries a cane. But who minds anything about all that? She has a young heart; she listens to every one's love story; she is a born peacemaker; she is interested in people. It's worth while to be seventy-five and be as dear and lovable as grandmamma. Now that I think of it, there is a lot of repose about her, too. Cousin Emily hasn't a bit of that."

"Well, people cannot be all alike."

"That is perfectly true; but I mean, now while I am just a girl, to begin making the kind of old lady I'd like to be. I shall not join clubs. One club will content me. I shall try to have as little facial expression as possible. I shall fight my wrinkles off from the very first."

The great Dane shifted his position, lifted his big head, and looked at Nancy, as if he understood her. Jack laughed.

"In other words, you mean to imitate Mrs. Caruthers twenty years before you need to. I do believe women are daft about wrinkles. Men never give them a thought. And surely you need not, Nancy—you who are only a sophomore at college."

The folly of it struck Nancy, too. Why in the world are we all, younger and older, so occupied in defying Time? Would it not be wiser to make him our friend?

#### PILGRIMS

THERE'S but the meagre crust, Love,  
There's but the measured cup;  
On scanty fare we breakfast,  
On scanty fare we sup.  
Yet be not thou discouraged,  
Nor falter on the way,  
Since Wealth is for a life, Love,  
And Want is for a day.

Our shelter may be rude, Love;  
We feel the chilling dew  
And shiver in the darkness  
Which steadfast stars shine through.  
Yet shall we reach our palace,  
And there in darkness stay,  
Since Home is for a life, Love,  
And Travel for a day.

The heart may sometimes ache, Love,  
The eyes grow dim with tears;  
Slow creep the hours of sorrow,  
Slow beats the pulse of fears.  
Yet, patience with the evil,  
For though the good delay,  
Yet Joy is for a life, Love,  
And Pain is for a day.

#### VEILS AND THEIR USES

AS A PROTECTION against the dust and the sun, a veil is indispensable to every woman who values a good complexion. Summer winds and summer heats are very injurious to a delicate skin, and once roughened and coarsened, a woman's face seldom regains its rosaceous texture and bloom. Especially in sailing or rowing, or in driving against the wind, a woman incurs the danger of sunburn, of freckles, or of tan, the last of which is the least to be feared. Cold cream should be carried in every lady's bag, and used if there is occasion, and the face should not be washed at once upon coming in out of the sun. An hour after, when it has cooled off, it may be bathed with very hot water. A tissue of silk is better than a dotted or sprigged veil for the sake of the eyes, though many maidens have not realized the care that eyes require.

A few summers ago there was a foolish fad which led girls to be very indifferent to red and blistered faces and rough hands, browned and hardened. Fortunately, the day of that caprice is over, and they are not now anxious to make themselves look plain and uncomely for the sake of health. One may be as vitally strong and well as Hebe, and as beautiful too, with a little care and common-sense.

#### THE WIFE OF A CANDIDATE

FROM the moment that, in this effervescent country of ours, a man is nominated for any office, from that of constable to President, his people near and far become objects of speculation. If the man has risen so that he is a nation's standard-bearer, everybody desires to know something about his family. Is his wife gracious, well-bred, accustomed to society? Will she help or hinder him? Is she likely to be popular? What will be his private life, such shreds of it as may be left to him? Will he find a retreat at his heart's ease and rest there from the excitements of publicity? It is a proof of the adaptability of the American woman that she seldom fails to adorn any position to which her husband's advancement lifts her.

Most of the women who are wives of our American statesmen have had every advantage which early training and social experience can impart. The crudities of our earlier national life are mainly over. Women fit into any niche with wonderful ease.



THE YACHTING GIRL. DRAWN BY AUDLEY D. NICHOLS

was never very distant from pretty Miss Nancy. A little way off, under a tree, with a book and a pretence of needlework, Mrs. Caruthers was languidly passing the afternoon, thinking how dull it was, wishing the summer were over and herself back in town. There are women who can be idle gracefully, and who look their best when at leisure, but Mrs. Caruthers was not of their class. A person of energy, yet fussy withal, and flying from one thing to another as if possessed by a demon of restlessness. Emily Caruthers, away from her home, which meant away from her Clubs, from her Mothers' Meetings, from her Committees on Municipal Improvement, was at an immense disadvantage.

I suppose Mrs. Caruthers was fifty. She looked about thirty-five. Her skin was smooth, and had few lines; massage fought with every pucker and defied the first hint of a wrinkle, and Mrs. Caruthers' hair was still brown. She was a beautiful woman, and looked middle-aged only when contrasted with Miss Nancy, whose score of summers had brought to her the freshness of the rose, and its dewy purity.

"You wouldn't think, now," said the girl, glancing at the matron, "that Cousin Emily was anxious to remain young. But she is. I wonder why? I heard her tell mother this morning that she dreaded wrinkles as she feared the plague, that she would rather die than grow into an ugly woman."



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### THE LATE ADMIRAL JOHN W. PHILIP

CAPTAIN JOHN W. PHILIP, standing  
with uncovered head on the deck of  
his victorious battleship *Texas*, in the  
midst of the carnage of Santiago, "faithful  
servant of God and of his country," and  
silencing the shouts of triumph "because  
the poor devils were dying," and asking his men  
to join him in thanks to the God of Battles—  
this is a heroic memory that Americans will  
not let die.

John W. Philip was born in this State,  
August 16, 1840, in the little town of Kinderhook,  
Columbia County. He entered the  
Naval Academy as an appointee from New  
York when he was sixteen. It is recalled  
that while he was at Annapolis he was the  
close friend of two other boys who were to  
play gallant and conspicuous roles in the war  
with Spain—George Dewey and William T.  
Sampson. On his graduation, he was attached  
to the sloop *Marion*. In 1862 he was  
commissioned a lieutenant. He did not see  
much severe service during the War of the  
Rebellion, although he was with the blockading  
fleets, and took part, on the monitor *Mon-  
tauk*, in the bombardment of Fort Sumter in  
1863.

At the close of the war he was ordered to  
Asiatic waters, as executive officer of the  
*Wachusett*, but was soon transferred, in the  
same capacity, to the *Hartford*. He served  
in the European squadron from 1869 to 1872  
on the *Richmond*. In 1874 he received his  
commission as commander, and was made  
captain in 1889. Two years later he was  
appointed general inspector of construction,  
and afterward to the command of the cruiser  
*New York*. He was assigned to the battleship  
*Texas* at the outbreak of the war with Spain,  
and, at its close, was promoted to rear-admiral,  
March 3, 1899.

As captain of the *Texas*, in the action at the  
entrance to the harbor of Santiago de Cuba,  
July 3, 1898, Captain Philip won, perhaps,  
more renown than any other officer present.  
The absence of the technical commander of  
the fleet left the actual disposition of the ships  
practically in the hands of their captains. The  
great and decisive battle was, therefore,  
fought out by the ships as units, rather than as  
related parts of a fleet. Each captain drove  
his ship into the best position available,  
fought it as to him seemed best, and was,  
for the time, responsible to no higher officer.  
This accidental arrangement of the battle, and  
the subsequent quarrel between Admirals  
Sampson and Schley and their friends, which  
obscured the glory of those officers, left the  
fame of the great victory of Santiago to settle  
upon the heads of the captains who had  
won it.

Captain Philip directed his attention, for the  
most part, to the Spanish ship the *Almirante  
Oquendo*. His fire was accurate and effective.  
With the assistance of the *Oregon*, the *Texas*  
forced the *Oquendo* to steam to the beach,  
rather than face a storm of shell that was  
sweeping away her superstructure and annihilating  
her gunners. The Spaniard was  
hauled down her flag, when a terrific explosion  
rent the *Oquendo* almost in twain. The  
crew of the *Texas*, looking upon the incident  
as one of the things to be expected in naval  
battle, began to shout in triumph.

"Don't cheer, men," called out the captain;  
"those poor devils are dying."

Admirers of the gallant sailor presented a  
sword to him after his return to this country,  
and Governor Roosevelt, who had been Assistant  
Secretary of the Navy at the commencement  
of the war, made the presentation speech.

Admiral Philip's proverbial calm amid confusion  
and danger was, in part, due to the  
care he had to exercise continually because  
of trouble with his heart. Excitement would  
have killed him more quickly than a Spanish  
bullet. On the evening of Thursday, June 28,  
he was seized with intense pains about the  
heart. He died, without pain, and unconscious,  
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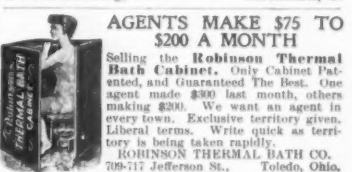
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## Collier's In China

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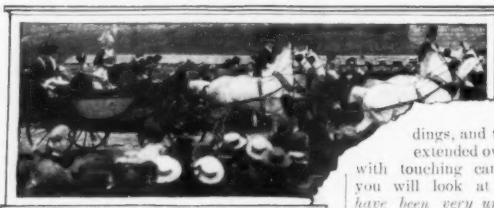
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## LONDON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EVERYBODY is nodding to everybody else in London, with congratulatory smiles. Vocalize the smiles and they mean "The war's over; so glad; aren't you?" Nobody seems to reply "Is the war really over?" And yet I heard only yesterday from a friend that the wife of one of the influential generals had lately quoted her husband to him in saying: "Two years from now we English will have an army of fifty thousand men, I believe, here in the Transvaal." Still, it seems to stand as the prevailing opinion that since President Kruger would not bend he has been broken. The anniversary of his having refused a five years' franchise has come round, and lo, it finds the Rand an extinct quantity. The Boers have had their choice between heaving with ordinary justice and common sense or altering the South African map. They have preferred the latter course, and must suffer in consequence. This, I say, is the prevailing opinion.

The Chinese question is causing great perturbation here—and why not? England is totally unprepared to act with the Powers until something like a positive peace has been arranged in other quarters. We hear it advised, therefore, that she should let Germany and Russia "snarl at one another's heels" if so disposed, while she herself remains passive. But, no; she will never consent to that. The anti-imperialists cry out that she will never consent to it because the British lion must have his paw in every Oriental pie, and especially when there is any question of such pie being sliced. Plain imperialists, on the other hand, urge the drastic necessities of "a sphere of influence" in China, and that, of course, has the sole definition of an amplified Eastern trade. But monarchs, as one might say, are already alert. Commercial gain for England, it is argued, may not be secured from a people whose number is myriad and whose wants are almost absurdly small. Markets for your wares are not secured from sources in which no demand exists. Western industries will therefore not be drawn upon, to any noteworthy extent, by Chinese needs. It would be hard to say just how many millions of Celestials live comfortably on an ounce or two of rice per diem and a pipe or two of the opium which they seem to smoke with as little resultant danger as comes to us Westerners from our cigar or cigarette. Then there is the old story, retold again, as it was once lyricized by Bret Harte, about Chinese cheap labor. We Americans have been forced into our Immigration Law. Might not England, and indeed all Europe, find themselves overwhelmed by a host-like legion of yellow-visaged competitors? One extremely Radical journal has hastened to put the question like this: The moment China is divided and exploited by the Powers, that moment Chinese labor, in a mass of raw material, will be set loose to wage contest with European workmen. And then, "See to it, workmen, that your government does not commit the crime of sacrificing your interests to a so-called 'forward' policy in China at the bidding of gangs of capitalists who are already pulling wires in the newspaper columns."

The Fashionable Thief, it would seem, is a distinct if somewhat cryptic factor of London society. He holds his definite place there, like the alcoholic cabman and the miserly landlady. The other day, in a representative sense, he was caught red-handed. At a smart wedding he proved less nimble-fingered than so polite a department of his profession should have authorized. It was, altogether, an extremely sad case. At the church-door he attempted to pick the pockets of two ladies, and a stony-hearted policeman, heedless of the fact that his delicate skill was only exploited among the most refined circles, inexorably "naibed" him. His attitude, when he was brought into court, grew curiously (if I may say so) cis-Atlantic. No American thief would have presumed to commingle so much plainness with so much audacity. He had a horribly criminal past, and belonged to a gang of "fashionable thieves" who haunted the smart weddings at Westminster Abbey and like structures, not to speak of Rotten Row during the height of the season. But with mournful urbanity he said to the judge: "You will notice, sir, that my offences have all been under the same head, and that twice my convictions have been only for 'attempting'—I have never been convicted, that is, for highway robbery or burglary." The judge, not awed by this outburst of confi-

dential impudence, informed the prisoner that although he described himself as a "laborer" he nevertheless appeared in the get-up of a gentleman who attends weddings, and that his revolting career had extended over seven years. To which, with touching candor, he replied "I hope you will look at both sides, my lord, I have been very unsuccessful!" Is there an American thief on earth who would have kneaded villany and simplicity together with so slight a sense of humor? "So much the better for the public," it was answered; and his fashionable thieftship was sentenced to hard labor for a year.

The Duke of Wellington's recent death has brought to his country a thin, satiric echo of his mighty ancestor's demise. It is regarded with an indifference that seems strange to those who are still mindful of the tremendous pomp and splendor which accompanied the obsequies of Napoleon's far famed conqueror. "Bury the great Duke," sang Tennyson, "with an empire's lamentation." This third duke was by no means great, and he was the nephew of the second duke, hardly conspicuous except as the heir of those prodigal honors conferred by the nation on his illustrious sire, Apsley House, that extremely ugly but very spacious mansion closely adjoining Hyde Park Corner, was one. Strathfieldsaye, where the third duke lately breathed his last, was, if I mistake not, another. The gentleman who has just ended his career at the relatively early age of fifty-five, may be said to have borne an almost pathetic burden of inherited distinction. In a different yet similar way it was likewise with the second Charles Dickens. There is a Lord Nelson now living, who is also Viscount Merton of Trafalgar, and who has the son bearing the piquantly suggestive title of "Lord Trafalgar." No one ever hears, however, of these laughably descended persons. It is quite possible that they have inherited remarkable gifts both of intellect and character. But perhaps the great material bonus conferred by a grateful country upon its Nelsons, Wellingtons, Marlboroughs, etc., have deadened the growth of impulses which might otherwise have grasped opportunity with ten drils alert and tough. . . . Mrs. Gladstone's death carries with it a different import. Everybody has a genial word for her lovely and staid record. I suppose it is one which the "new woman," in either hemisphere, will not feel called upon to applaud. Yet much of her husband's fine ethical force was fed by her sweet wifely vigilance, and it is highly probable that except for Mrs. Gladstone's constant warnings, constant watchfulness, constant care, the "grand old man," for reasons purely physical, would not have been half so "grand" nor by many years as "old" as this gentle and supremely companionable helpmate succeeded in making him.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## THE FIRST CUBAN ELECTIONS

BY EDWIN WARREN GUYOL

Editor of "La Lucha," Havana  
(SEE PAGE 9)

TO ARRIVE at a complete understanding of the enormous amount of work entailed in giving Cubans their first opportunity to cast an uninfluenced vote it will be necessary to remember that in the beginning there was nothing, which grew into chaos as the various factions and elements developed and presented ideas and suggestions.

After naming and re-naming committees of Cubans and Americans, the actual work of preparing an electoral law was finally accomplished. Although the committees appointed arranged and suggested a great deal, the law, as adopted, was Wood clear through. The Governor-General, by virtue of the absolute authority invested in him, modified, annulled or enlarged as he saw fit.


These elections were for municipal officers alone, consisting of one mayor for each municipality, the same number of councilmen which the former law provided, one municipal judge, except in Havana, where four were elected, one municipal treasurer, two correctional judges in Havana, and one in each of the larger cities.

In former days the correctional judge was unknown. He is a strictly American institution. His appearance was an innovation in which the local public did not take kindly at first. His jurisdiction is limited to minor offenders, who deserve punishment not to exceed a fine of ten dollars and ten days with the chain gang.

In considering qualifications which must be possessed by would-be voters, there was a great deal of discussion and contention. Many favored absolutely unrestricted suffrage. Others desired the most rigid limitations. This rendered it exceedingly difficult to strike a medium, but it was finally done, to the satisfaction of the majority.

In anticipation of the day when they should hold elections, the Cubans began the formation of political organizations. The Cuban National League and Cuban National Party were the first results. With very little real difference of opinion, they opposed each other during the





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greater part of last year, until the wiser heads succeeded in bringing about amalgamation under the name of the National Party.

The avowed policy of the Nationals is independence, absolute, while its true purpose is to secure office for as many of its members as possible under the American administration and adapt itself—to the same end—to any future government which Cuba may have.

About three months ago a new party, called the "Democratic Union," was formed by Cubans who want independence to come gradually, with the United States maintaining a protectorate in the meantime.

Within a short time the "Republican Party" sprang into existence. Its platform was almost identical with that of the Nationals, without the comparatively conservative methods of the latter.

The province of Santa Clara was soon in control of the Republicans. Its governor, José Miguel Gomez—in no way related to General Maximo Gomez—is completely subservient to the wishes of Domingo Mendez Capote, González Lanuza, and Manuel Sangüey, who are the Republican Party. Capote and Lanuza were, respectively, Secretaries of State and Justice under General Brooke. Sangüey is a brother of the famous Julio, and is at the head of the Havana University—a Brooke appointee also. These three men represent the worst faction on the island.

When preparations for the elections were under way, they began operations in Santa Clara, through Governor Gomez. The plan adopted was an ingenious one: Gomez influenced General Montegudo, who commanded the rural guards of the province, and Montegudo gave his men instructions direct, Santa Clara is almost entirely void of railroads, there being none east of the city. Lack of communication with the outside world places isolated villages and farms at the mercy of the rural guards, who are well equipped and mounted. Intimidation was the keynote of their system, and they used the most dire threats as means of extracting promises to support Republican candidates. Protests finally reached General Wood, who sent for Governor Gomez and General Montegudo and gave them distinctly to understand that persistence in such methods would cause their immediate removal from office and, if necessary, suspension of elections. They promised to "be good."

The Democratic Union began what promised to be an aggressive, effective campaign. Suddenly, however, it "funkt" completely, and began to whimper out protests against the electoral law. This was altered, allowing minority representation. Still the Union was not satisfied, claiming that the Registration Boards and Election Boards would be composed exclusively of Nationals, that the Nationals were favored everywhere, and that the elections would be farcical frauds and not indicative of the will of the people. Finally, the Union withdrew from the field entirely, refusing to participate.

This left the fight between the Nationals and Republicans, or the Ins and Outs, except in Santiago de Cuba. There the leading conservative white Cubans organized a party, under the leadership of Demetrio Cartillo, which embodied the principles of the Democratic Union, but had no name. It succeeded in carrying the province, electing mayors and municipal officers of all villages and towns, giving Tomas Padro a second term in Santiago City, he having been first appointed to the post by Wood.

The Republicans obtained everything in Santa Clara and Matanzas, while the Nationals gained the day in Puerto Principe, Pinar del Rio, Havana province and city.

Of course, the contest in Havana City was the closest and most interesting. The National candidate was General Alejandro Rodriguez, who made a really brilliant record as a fighter during the Revolution. His opponent was Señor Estrada Mora, who ran alone as an independent candidate. He was lieutenant mayor under Perfecto Lacoste, Havana's first Cuban mayor, appointed by General Brooke, and was acting mayor for three months.

The Republicans had, ostensibly, no candidate for the mayoralty, but it was well known that they had pledged their support to Mora, who, if elected, was to join the Republican party.

Rodriguez was elected, polling 13,000 votes, against 8,000 cast for Mora.

It would be impossible to conduct elections in a more quiet and orderly manner than were these. There was not the slightest excitement manifest in any part of the island, not even in Santiago or Havana. Here, there were eight or ten arrests of men who were distributing circulars which falsely announced that Estrada Mora had withdrawn. But there was not a suggestion of the much-talked-of "trouble" anywhere, not even a fight. Much of this, certainly, is directly attributable to the extreme temperance of Cubans as a race and to the consequent total elimination of drunkenness at the polls.

When the United States can show records of any such election as Cuba has just seen; when the recollection of the South after the war shall have been effaced from the memory of man; when there shall be no more St. Louis strike outrages, Kentucky feuds, Ice Trust scandals, Rampage or canal steals, it will be time enough to talk about "educating Cubans"—but not before then.



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# SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

EDITED BY  
WALTER CAMP

It was not until seven o'clock that Referee Armstrong lined the five crews up for the start of the 'varsity' race. Cornell was under the west bank and had the poorest of the current, although rather the better of the water. Both Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, further out in the stream, were getting more of the current as it swept around Crum Elbow. Cornell knew this when they got the worst of the draw and had made up their minds to put in a fast first mile. On the start Cornell and Wisconsin caught the water first, Wisconsin decidedly the best of the lot. Both Georgetown and Columbia, slower at getting hold of the water, worked with desperation as soon as they got their boats under way. Pennsylvania, after the first ten strokes, had their boat travelling well and at an eighth of a mile Cornell, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania were nearly level, the Ithacans having a trifle the better of it. The tide was helping Columbia the most, but was also giving a good swing to Wisconsin, while Cornell, in the dead water, was literally earning every inch she made. The pace was a hot one, and Georgetown commenced to get ragged and Columbia began to slip to the rear. At a half mile, Georgetown's stroke, Kerns, began to drive his crew, and by a supreme effort all through the boat they were keeping well locked on to Wisconsin and Pennsylvania. Columbia was sagging off still more, as every crew was making its efforts for the lead at the mile flag. Here Wisconsin had the best of it by a quarter of a length, with Cornell and Pennsylvania in second place. With the beginning of the second mile the three leaders commenced to draw away from Georgetown and Columbia, Wisconsin rowing in the best form, Cornell making by far the greatest effort, as her boat was not yet getting the full advantage of the tide, while the Pennsylvania shell was very markedly checking less between strokes than any of the others. Thus they swept on past the two-and-a-half mile post and began to gather themselves for the final effort, which all three crews knew must begin at the three-mile mark, and must be kept up under the bridge and all the way home. Just then the side-wheeler *Saugerties* came up stream under full speed, unnoticed, or at least unstopped, by the revenue cutters, and rolling up a high side swell, which strung out from her paddles and made a long line over toward the fragile shells. It was too late to prevent the damage, and those in the referee's boat watched with anxiety to see what effect it would have upon the shells when it reached them. By this time Pennsylvania, with a spurt, rowing at 36 to Wisconsin's and Cornell's 34, had taken the lead from the Westerners, who in turn were half a length ahead of Cornell. The swell first struck Wisconsin, but, with her long swing and excellent watermanship, she went through it almost without a tremor; then it caught Pennsylvania, and with her light, scooping stroke, it played more havoc, No. 3 having a bad minute or two of it, partially missing the water and losing control of his slide. For a moment it looked as if the disaster might be serious, but the crew recovered, and although Wisconsin had, at that moment, fairly collared them, the Pennsylvanians settled down to fight for the final lead. As they did this, the remnant of the swell went rolling on to the Cornell boat, and, catching Nos. 3 and 7, took away whatever remnant of strength was left in the Ithacans' boat. Captain Dalzell threw up his hand a couple of times, as in protest, and then they all squared away for home. Georgetown's work was practically over, for Columbia, improving and showing excellent endurance, had passed the Washington men and was really becoming a hot pursuer of the weakening Cornellians. A quarter of a mile yet to go, and Wisconsin and Pennsylvania were still almost level. Cornell had gone back nearly three lengths and was only just keeping out of reach of Columbia. Georgetown now hopelessly in the rear. One last effort on the part of Pennsylvania, continuing the desperate spurt which she had started at the bridge, carried her foot by foot ahead of Wisconsin, who, at a two-point lower stroke, were not in that short space able to quite row themselves out. As they shot over the finish-line, Pennsylvania had two-thirds of a length the

better of Wisconsin, though the Westerners looked the fresher, like runners who had husbanded their strength almost too long and not used up the last pound of it. Cornell was hopelessly done, and Columbia's final effort had practically finished them. Georgetown made a very creditable initial performance, crossing without collapse, in spite of the fact that No. 3 looked as though he would not care to do it again.

Although the injury to Captain Higginson of the Harvard crew a few days before the race brought equally sincere depression at both quarters the contest that followed lost none of its excitement in consequence. An hour after the defeat of Yale in the four-oar and freshman contests the two 'varsity' eights lined up. The referee called out, "Are you ready?" "No! no!" came from the Harvard shell as her bow swung out of line. A stroke or two brought it straight once more, and presently Mr. Meikleham again called out through his megaphone, "Are you ready, Harvard?" "Yes!" "Are you ready, Yale?" "Yes!" Then louder to both, "ARE YOU READY?" and the pistol-shot came which started off the two eights for the most sensational race ever rowed on the Thames. The Harvard 'varsity', just as in the case of the freshman and four-oar, caught the water and got their boat under headway better than did Yale, but here the similarity stopped; for, while the other two Harvard crews had steadily drawn away from their Yale rivals, in addition to this jump which they got on the first few strokes, the Harvard 'varsity' found it a very different matter to pull away from Captain Allen's men. In the first hundred yards Harvard, with their speed in getting the boat under way, secured a lead of over a quarter-length. But then came the bat le that every one who had followed the crews and their times very closely knew must take place—the battle for the lead at the mile. Yale was rowing a point or two lower than Harvard, but both crews were putting every pound possible into the stroke. Just as people had begun to say, "It is going to be just the same as the freshman race, Harvard is pulling away!" it became apparent that that ten yards seized and wrested from Yale by a pretty dash of the Crimson rowers was not stretching out, and that the bulldog spirit which in both had not been brought out by closeness in the freshman race was certain to find an exhibition before the 'varsity' race was over. So the two boats went on, and at a quarter of a mile, Harvard, while keeping the stroke down, put in an extra effort and stretched her lead to nearly half a length. On she went toward the first half-mile flag, and here Harvard's power seemed to tell again, for the separation was quite half a length when these flags were passed.

Both crews were rowing at 32, but Yale let it down a little, evidently confident and satisfied to hold Harvard where she was for the half mile. As the boats sped on, Yale's work, smooth from the start, seemed even cleaner and more quiet than ever, and the nose of her boat began to eat up the space, almost imperceptibly stealing along, with the boat running beautifully. The Harvard stroke, seeing that he was coming back from between Nos. 4 and 5 in the Yale boat until now he was even with No. 7, started to spurt. But all he could do was to hold his position as they swung along so close that each could

almost hear the effort of the other. Just before the mile flag were reached, Harding, the Harvard stroke, found himself exactly level with Cameron, the Yale stroke, and the two boats went shooting past these flags exactly level in five minutes and ten seconds. How the broiling sun beat down upon those sixteen bared bodies! That gain which Yale had made during the last quarter-mile was evidently not due to a spurt so much as to a perfect steadiness; for, in spite of anything that Harvard could do, the Yale boat went running on into the third half mile, and now Cameron, the Yale stroke, was about abreast of Ladd, No. 5 in the Harvard boat. There was no spurt in the Yale boat, but that steady creeping between the beats of the oars and the perfect lack of shock anywhere in the boat was telling its story, and as Harvard's boat went by the mile-and-a-half flag it was three seconds behind Yale's, and Yale's coxswain was ahead of Harvard's bow.

On they went for the two-mile flag, the Yale shell leading, but Harding driving his crew more and more in the struggle to pull down that lead. As they went by the two-mile flag the Yale coxswain was on a line with Bullard, Harvard's No. 2. It seemed impossible in the sultriness and the fierce struggle for the lead that the crews could keep up the terrible effort much further. At two and a half miles, Yale had once more succeeded in getting her coxswain up ahead of Harvard's bow, and just before that mark was passed clear water opened. But here Harvard came once more, and with a desperate spurt pulled down the Yale lead until gradually the Yale coxswain had to slide back until the best he could count on was just opposite No. 4 in the Harvard boat. Spurt was answering spurt, although the strokes were not raised, the spurt being made by each crew in simply more tremendous effort at each stroke to lift their boats ahead. Then it became a struggle for the third-mile flag and the opening of the last mile of the race. Harding called upon his crew once more, and they responded nobly. Cameron of Yale attempted to answer, but in spite of their efforts, Harvard crept up. A quarter of a mile from the third mile flag Harvard was almost level, and just before the flags were reached the coxswain of the Crimson crew had gone up opposite the Yale captain at No. 6.

Entering this last mile, both eights knew that the final test had come. Both Cameron and Harding had shoved up the stroke a point or two. Harvard had stretched the quarter-length into a half-length, and now their fearful spurt was telling on the Yale crew. The situation reminded one of Cregan and Bray in the mile run at the Intercollegiate a year ago, when at the three-quarter Bray spurred and Cregan answered him, and the two went flying around the up-curve almost level, Bray finally drawing away foot by foot; but the effort took Bray's last vestige of strength and Cregan won the race. This effort in the boat proved too much for Harvard's stroke, and, three-quarters of a mile from home, after that last supreme effort the light faded from his eyes, the world turned dark, his oar slipped from his hands, was caught, slipped again, and he dropped forward, out of it at last. The coxswain had been throwing water on him for the last ten strokes, but he was too far gone, and had been pulling on his nerve alone for the last half-minute. He lurched a little from side to side, but in the main was able to hold himself, with the assistance of the coxswain, so as not to fall along the gunwale of the boat. He could not unship his oar and was too weak to do what some of the crowd shouted—"Jump overboard." Surely, Harvard's No. 7, carried the crew bravely on, and shook his head when the Harvard launch came over, refusing to do anything but row it out to the best of his ability. By this time the boats were past the three-and-a-half-mile flag, and Yale was a boat-length of clear water ahead. On they bore down through the lane of vessels, Harvard like a bird with a broken wing, spray coming up from the trailing oar, Yale, relieved from the severe effort and the constant fight for the lead, now rowing smoothly and confidently. Amid the boom of cannon and the shriek of whistles, Yale crossed the finish-line nearly seven lengths ahead, Harvard trailing over some fifteen seconds later.

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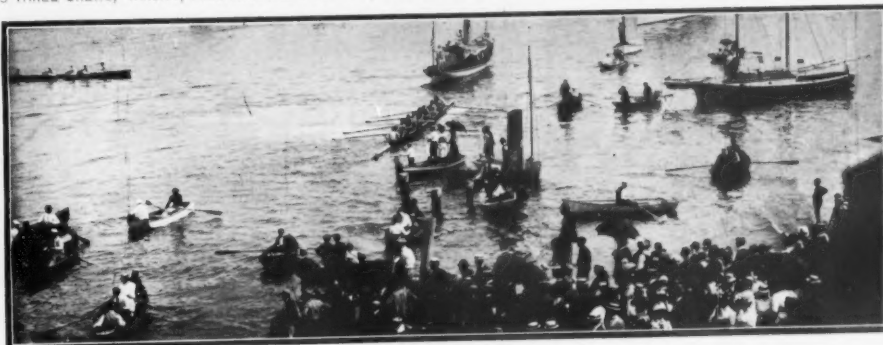
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YALE 'VARSITY CREW PULLING TO SHORE AFTER THE RACE



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE

THE YALE-HARVARD 'VARSITY RACE AT THE MOMENT WHEN HARVARD'S STROKE "WENT TO PIECES" UNDER THE STRAIN. HARVARD TO EXTREME RIGHT OF PICTURE



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A KITCHEN IN THE CAMP

DISAPPROVAL gleamed from the eye of our stern and taciturn guide as he looked the party over. There were eleven of us that stood outside the cabins at Gardiner that day, trying to get accustomed to our costumes and wondering whether the horses were capable of supporting our weight and whether the one wagon really contained all the necessities of life for so large a party. Six of us were geologists and five of us were pleasure-seekers, and several of us were women, which may seem false to mathematics but is true to facts. To us women it was that the appropriate costumes for "sage-brush touring" were most afflicting. Flannel shirts, rather scratchy around the neck, divided skirts and hob-nailed shoes made us a spectacle for any man to grumble at, and we were inclined to attribute the guide's darkling glances to our picturesque but unornamental appearance until we overheard him murmur into the ear of the lead horse:

"Women an' geologists! Humph! Women'll want to be waited on; want water carried to 'em most likely. Geologists'll monkey with the geyser holes, I reckon, an' get scalded. Wish't I hadn't brought this party out."

By the time we had clattered on our jerky little mounts through the Mammoth Hot Springs and the "Lights" to our first camp ten miles away, and had slept in the open air, we were inclined to join in the wish. The thermometer descended like a falling elevator, and the Professor, who, at the retiring hour, had been boasting of his pneumatic cot, declared savagely that the advertisement was a misprint for "rheumatic." All of us felt that way, but when the mercury climbed from below the freezing-point up to a respectable pitch of warmth we got thawed out and painfully resumed the saddle.

There is little in a second day's experience in the saddle when one is unaccustomed to that exercise. Anything was a good enough excuse for a halt and a change to foot progress. The geologists became inspired with a passionate interest in the rock formations; the idlers went fishing, and the horses had an easy day of it. Still, we made considerable progress through the splendid sage-brush plain with the snow-capped mountains hemming it in on all sides and the pure mirror of Swan Lake weaving wonderful color-vests from the changing hues of the western sky.

All around us was Nature's fairest carpeting of flowers. Spring, summer and fall flowers blossom side by side in a climate where the flowering time is restricted to a few weeks. The mountain pink, harbinger of the Eastern spring, vies with the splendor of the blue gentian, last and most exquisite of the fall flowers, while near by the thistle and aster wave the signals of midsummer. All this beauty was not for us alone, however. As we admired there was a rumble and a cloud of dust, and a coach overloaded with duster-clad and uncomfortable-looking tourists bowled along the road. Had we been a herd of wild animals the coaches couldn't have produced their arms quicker. There was a rapid-fire volley of camera shutters, and I doubt not our party will figure in various prize contests as "natives of the region." We got in a few return shots, but the enemy had soon swept out of range.

Next day we fell upon tragic times; our luncheon got lost, and instead of feasting we were feasted upon by millions of voracious mosquitoes. This we regarded as the depth of misery at that time. We were not yet seasoned. Long before the week was ended we had learned to accept such mishaps with the equanimity of the hardened "sage-brush tourist." And as soon as we became injured and had taken, as it were, our diplomas, our gloomy guide became the best of good fellows and even went so far as to carry water for the women uncomplainingly.

All-day rides on the plainest of fare followed by hours of splendid ease around the big camp-fire made us different creatures; something akin to the swift and hardy habitants of the forest, through which we made our way over trails that only the guides could detect. Wild things of the woodland, fur and feather, came to watch us unafraid; for the Government ensures life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to all and sundry within the limits of the great Yellowstone Park, and the animals know it. Some of them, notably the bears, know it too well and take advantage of their immunity. Not content with coming around honestly to beg for food they sneaked in at night and tried to rob our stores, necessitating the posting of guards. As for the small fry of the region, such as the squirrels, they would almost come to hand in quest of dainties, and would sit chattering upon low boughs if none were forth-



coming. Wild life in that place of sanctuary would better be called tame life.

However, the geysers were wild enough to satisfy the most exacting tastes. Before we reached the first geyser basin we heard the subterranean rumbling and roaring. Then puffs of steam spouted into view from fissures and great gaping holes. In the interests of their "formation" studies the geologists bravely, but with internal quakings, as they afterward admitted, proceeded across the white crust, while the rest of us watched them breathlessly, expecting every moment to see them break into the boiling cauldron below and contribute to a general result that could only be described as soup. We humans were not doing all the quaking; the earth was doing its share. In front of the adventurous "formation" hunters a boiling giant suddenly sprang aloft, roaring. With one accord they turned and fled to what they considered a safe distance. Safety in a geyser basin is a purely relative quality. Another giant started up, barring their path, while little, spitting, spiteful jets of steam jetted out from beneath their very feet, an unpleasant reminder of what a very thin barrier separated them from a particularly unpleasant death. Now the whole place was a-boil. Geysers, more geysers, mud-springs, "point pots," and still more geysers, back from that liquid inferno we fled until we felt the cool carpet of the forest verdure beneath our feet. A never-to-be-forgotten spectacle is that realm of the hidden forces that dominate the earth's interior, but what a relief it was to get into the forest!

We had two delightful camps on the shores of the Yellowstone Lake. There the fish protrude eager noses from the water, begging for bait, and as the sixth commandment, as interpreted in the Park, does not apply to the fishy tribe, we had dainty feeding upon them. Thence to the indescribable splendors of the great Cañon of the Yellowstone. The serious geologists and the light-minded wanderers alike stood silent and awed before its marvelous coloring, its awful dignity, its infinite sublimity. Two days we spent beside the cañon; then, very reluctantly, we turned the heads of our horses to the ascent of Mt. Washburn. Our spirits, subdued by the shadowy magnificence of the vast chasm, brightened as we made the long ascent, and when we stood upon the summit, 10,000 feet above the sea, there was one of us, at least, who was fain to shout aloud for the pure joy of living. It was a fitting climax to our trip.

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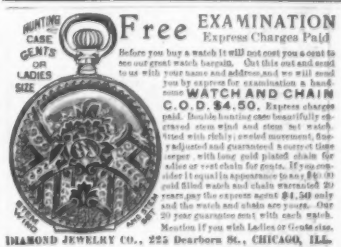
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